National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

RECENT ACTION OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

THE Publishing Committee, with the concurrence of the other members of the Executive Committee, deem it due to the friends of the Society to state their own recent action.

At the last anniversary it was regarded by many as both feasible and desirable that, without at all trenching on the political relations of slavery, certain moral duties growing out of its existence, or moral evils and practical immoralities deplored by all evangelical Christians, and found occasionally or frequently accompanying it, should be discussed in our publications; and this without losing sight of our original and governing principle in the Society's first organization, that its publications shall be "calculated to receive the approbation of all evangelical Christians." And the confidence was expressed that the Executive Committee would, in their action respecting this matter, exercise such wisdom as would promote the usefulness of the Society "*throughout our whole country.*"

For the successful maintenance of the past and the happy expansion of the future influence of the Society, we have relied on the sympathies, prayers, gifts, and co-operation of our brethren in the South as in the North. If the evangelical Christians resident in any portion of our wide country give not their confidence, aid and personal influence, our agents and our tracts, our collectors and our volumes are alike denied access. We have received from Churches and from individuals, from men in all the strength and fervour of their best years, and from Christians arranging their worldly affairs in prospect of death, among our Southern brethren, a generous and hearty support in the former years of our history. With equal fidelity to donors and testators at the North or at the South, the conductors of the Society have aimed to dispense, far and near, their respective contributions, for the best interests alike of our common country and our common Christianity.

The Publishing Committee had, at the time of the last anniversary, a treatise on the "Duties of Masters" under their consideration. It was composed of articles before issued by brethren of various evangelical denominations at the South, and was supposed to meet the views that are presented in the resolutions of that anniversary.

The Publishing Committee were not altogether unaware of the inherent embarrassments. Looked upon with some distrust at the South, as the treatise might be because bringing a Northern imprint, it was yet, on the other hand, equally evident that many Northern friends of the Society might object to it as recognising "*duties*" inhering in the relation of "masters," that relation, in their view, being forbidden.

Since the preparation of this treatise, one of the authors from whose addresses or tracts it was compiled has been removed by death. Two others of these brethren, honoured and influential, known as true friends of the Society, have judged it inexpedient, in the enkindled and excited state of feeling awakened both North and South upon the various relations of this topic, that those writings of their own, which were to form a prominent portion of the treatise, should be issued with a Northern imprint. They have accordingly interdicted our further use of the matter thus supplied.

But in addition, from all quarters of our Southern field we have received, and from the tried and fast friends of the Society, the most unanimous and decided, that any publication by our [illegible] of slavery, even though of Southern authorship, and carefully kept within the terms of the resolutions of the anniversary, could have no other result than precipitating the entire withdrawal of the South from coöperation with the Society. The new works would find no gate of access; and the separation would henceforth exclude even our older issues, by flinging over them the suspicion of their origin from a quarter presumed to have become hostile to the interests of the South. Of those accredited issues, the siftings of a rich evangelical literature in our own and in European lands—books on which God's Spirit has put his evident approval—it seemed a sad necessity to be compelled to clog in any way the circulation.

From Maryland, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia, from Alabama, Louisiana, and Tennessee, we hear but one testimony, as borne by State Branches and Auxiliaries, by the Society's officers, General Agents, Superintendents and Colporteurs, by ecclesiastical bodies, and by the religious press. Over the South we have now a virtual suspension of collections; and if the present distrust and alienation but remain, there must speedily ensue a withdrawal of colporteurs and distribution throughout our Southern field. We must surrender all the Southern and South-Western States. To proceed, is thus to palsy one whole side of our institution.

The Committee have believed that the action and instructions of the anniversary, explicitly cherishing as they do the Society's usefulness "*throughout our whole country,*" could not contemplate, even on the part of those Northern friends most earnestly advocating them, any revolutionary and disruptive change in the line of the Society's policy, cutting off from the Society a portion of "*our whole country*" so large, and in our past labours so largely blessed, as the entire South.

The Publishing Committee, therefore, voted with entire unanimity to arrest the issue of the work that had been before them, confidently believing that their action in the premises would commend itself to the Society under the phases which the subject has assumed; and the Executive Committee united in sustaining this as the only present action conservative of all the interests and just to all the parties involved.

It were a waste of the Society's funds to issue a treatise on Southern duties for which we could find no Southern readers, and for the sake of securing such issue, to forego deliberately, and, without explicit warrant from the Society, all further opportunity of sending thitherward the large body of publications we have hitherto, under God's manifest blessing, scattered there.

To the further developments of God's good providence, and to the guidance of His Spirit, promised where reverently and humbly implored, the Committee now refer this question, "seeking the things that make for peace," and aiming to secure the "fruit of righteousness sown in peace of them that make peace."

Executive Committee.

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DAVID MAGIE,	WM. WINTERTON,	MOSES ALLEN,
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Corresponding Secretaries.

WM. A. HALLOCK, O. EASTMAN, J. M. STEVENSON.

New York, September 10, 1857.

LETTER FROM PARSON BROWNLOW.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

IN your issue of the 5th September, 1857, I find an editorial under the above caption, in relation to which I desire to make a few remarks, by way of correction and explanation. That portion of your article commenting upon the cruel treatment of a negro by Mr. Netherland, of Rogersville, East Tennessee, and the driving out of the ministry of Mr. Sawyer, I will not pause to comment upon. I am familiar with the whole affair, and I know the version given by Mr. Sawyer to be at variance with the facts in the case. Mr. Sawyer is to appear before the authorities of the Presbyterian Church, upon a charge of falsehood and gross perversions of truth, in reference to this very matter, and, when the decision is had, I will send you the proceedings. Mr. Netherland is an honourable man, a humane gentleman, and is not a slave-dealer, and never was. I have known him intimately for thirty years—I have lived in the same town with him—and I have been battling with him in the old Whig cause for twenty years.

In your notice of East Tennessee and the slavery question, you use this language—I give the paragraph entire: "In spite of this high character, and these favourable antecedents, a thousand of the best citizens of the place, a few years ago, assembled in cold blood and burnt a negro alive at the stake. One of the local papers commenting upon the tragedy boasts of the fact—which in any other civilized community would have been considered an aggravation of the atrocity—that the perpetrators were 'cool, calm, and deliberate.' The editor of this same journal, 'a minister of the Gospel,' adds: 'We unhesitatingly affirm that the punishment was unequal to the crime. Had we been there, we should have taken a part, and even suggested the pinching of pieces out of him with red-hot pincers, the cutting off of a limb at a time, and then burning them all in a heap.'"

Now, the "local paper" alluded to is the Knoxville *Whig*, of which I am the sole editor, and have been for the last nineteen years—a paper having a larger circulation than any paper ever published in East Tennessee. And I am the "Minister of the Gospel" alluded to—a local minister of the Methodist Church, South. The remarks attributed to me are correctly quoted, and if I had been present, and there had seemed to be any necessity for my doing so, I would have said and done just what I then stated, and I would have been "cool, calm, and deliberate," in so doing, for this is our mode of doing things "down South." And why? Because some anti slavery villains, mostly from the North, were making a fuss about this matter, and seeking to rescue the negro. But what was the negro's offence? I will state this, of my own knowledge, as it occurred in the adjoining County of Jefferson. The negro man, about 22 years of age, was owned by a Mr. Moore, and was raised by Mr. Moore's relatives; Moore and his wife were members of the Methodist Church—very clever persons—exceedingly kind and humane in their treatment of slaves. I know this to be so. Moore had not long been married—having married the daughter of an aged Methodist minister. The negro, with a common chopping-axe, at the dead hour of night, without any provocation, entered their bed-chamber, and, while they were both asleep, with one stroke severed Moore's head from his body, and then, with the same deadly weapon, broke the skull of his wife! These two innocent persons were murdered with a view to his accomplishing another diabolical object. He turned into an adjoining room, where a clever young lady was in bed, the sister of Mrs. Moore, and, after overpowering her, and *violating her person*, he murdered her to prevent her being a witness against him. These were the only white persons on the farm. These are the facts. For this the negro was burnt alive, ten or fifteen hundred of the best citizens of the county attending and aiding and abetting. I repeat, it was all perfectly right!

There is much in your Northern anti-slavery papers calculated, and really intended, to fan a flame of intense warfare upon the subject of slavery, which can result in no possible good to any one. You publish with eagerness all such occurrences as these, without informing your readers *what offences* negroes have committed, and for which they have suffered death. Your politicians, who are exciting the whole country, and fanning society into a livid consuming flame, have no sympathy for the black man, and care nothing for his comfort. The villanous agitation of the slavery question by your long-faced hypocrites and vagabond philanthropists of the North is only intended to give birth to new and more lofty schemes of disunion, and to more bold and hazardous enterprises in the States and Territories.

It is Northern Abolitionists, scores of whom are here in the South in disguise, who stir up our slaves to these acts of murder and violence. Some of them are filling our pulpits—some occupying high positions in our colleges—some editing political and religious newspapers—some selling goods—and some *stealing* through the country, as secret agents of Abolition Societies, enticing negroes to run away. These scoundrels ought to be lynched, rode upon rails, and in many instances hung!

I have travelled a good deal through the North, and witnessed the sufferings and destitution of your *free negroes*, and the neglect and utter contempt with which they are treated by your freedom-shriekers. They will enter your fine churches on Sabbath—I mean your *pious* clerical Abolitionists—with faces as long as the moral law, with countenances indicative of the meekness of Moses, and with the flonrheaded impudence of the Devil, the great head of your Black Republican forces, they will preach for hours against the sin and scandal of slavery, shed "lots" of tears over the cruelties inflicted upon the "servile progeny of Ham," in these Southern States! And on the very next day, in their toy shops and candy shops, or behind their counters, or in the settlement of an account of labour done, they would cheat a Southern slave out of the *penter* that ornaments the head of his walking-cane! But this swindling you will do in the name of the *Lord*! This cheating and villany you will carry on *religiously!*

It is my purpose to spend this coming Winter in the principal cities of the South, lecturing upon the subject of slavery, the morality of the North—contrasting the condition of free persons of colour in the free States with that of the slaves in the South. In the Spring I purpose visiting the New England States, and repeating the same lectures. In other words, I propose to go among you as a *Southern missionary*, to enlighten your benighted free-the cities and towns of the New England States, and of the north-western States, as opening a wider and more inviting field at this time for missionary labours than Hindostan, Siam, Ceylon, China, or Western Africa! In addition to your wicked and rebellious course upon the slavery question, you have forsaken the true God and the Christian religion, and gone off after Spiritualism, Fanny Wrightism, Fourierism, Mormonism, Abolitionism, Devilism, and the hundred-and-one *isms* so spontaneously produced by New England soil!

I hope, gentlemen, you will do me the favour to publish this hastily-written letter, and your Black Republican associates the kindness to let them know I am coming. They may wish to muster up one of your Beechers or Parkers to reply to me. I will divide time with any one of your *pious* freedom-shriekers.

Respectfully &c.,

W. G. BROWNLOW,

Sept. 12, 1857. Editor of the Knoxville *Whig*.

THE A. B. C. F. M.

From The New York Observer.

THE crowning feature of this meeting (lately held at Providence) was that the attention of the Board was exclusively occupied with the work of Foreign Missions, the great and only work which it was organized to promote. In this respect it was in striking and delightful contrast with many of its sessions during the last fifteen years. We did not hear the word "Slavery" uttered, from the opening to the close of the meeting. This is more worthy of note from the fact that a man was stationed at the door of the church, from day to day, to distribute gratuitously by thousands a pamphlet accusing the Board of being a pro-slavery institution, and calling upon those who were true friends of freedom to cast the firebrand into the convocation. It was a perfect failure. We do not infer from this that any members of the Board are becoming more favourable to slavery, but only that they are becoming wiser. In this connection we call attention to the following extract from the remarks of Dr. Hopkins, the newly-elected President, on taking the chair. They must commend themselves to the judgment of every reasonable man as eminently sound and appropriate to the occasion:

"In this position, and this Board, I wish to avoid altogether all regard to personal considerations and all side issues. It is by turning aside to personal considerations and side issues that most political bodies are ruined or become a curse. In this way the Church has become a vast corporation, and has been the medium of the greatest and most dreadful system of oppression which this world has ever seen. If this Board shall ever turn aside from the great work for which it is constituted, of proclaiming the simple gospel to the heathen, I shall expect that the smiles of Heaven, which have hitherto rested upon it, will be withdrawn, and that the disaster and reproach which must follow every attempt of men to pursue their own selfish ends must fall upon it."

ABOLITION GONE TO SEED.

Correspondence of The New York Observer.

ALLIANCE, Stark Co., Ohio, Sept. 7, 1857.

THE Western Anti-Slavery Society has just closed its anniversary at this place. The chief speakers were Mr. and Mrs. Foster, Parker Pillsbury, Foss, and Remond (coloured). It commenced on Saturday. The attendance was small on that day, and the speaking was not animated, but sufficiently denunciatory, e. g. Mr. Foss calling Washington, Franklin, &c., pirates, and that he hoped to see the day when this government would sink back to hell, whence it originated. On Sabbath day the attendance was very large from the neighbourhood. A large section of country here is strongly tinctured with their sentiments. Yesterday, for the most part, they laid the Churches cold (in their estimation), though the Republican party was honoured with a part of the Sabbath. Not being present on the Sabbath, I can only report its proceedings from what I to-day gathered. Though yesterday was the great day, this was the exciting one. Just as I took my seat, Stephen Foster presented a resolution, which he said he offered on his own responsibility, as he supposed the Business Committee would not be willing to do so.

The resolution in substance was that the time has come when it would afford much aid to the cause of anti-slavery to have those who are in favour of forcible means to form a political party outside of the United States Government, whose candidates, when they enter upon the duties of their office, shall stand pledged to dissolve their connection with the Federal Government, and erect their States into independent sovereignties.

This resolution was advocated with great force, and I thought ability, by Mr. Foster, saying that their cause was at a stand-still, and had increased none in numbers for the last ten years, and that it behooved the Anti-Slavery Society to act. He said that they had denied the charge of being opposed to political action; and that if they longer failed to point out and approve some political action on the part of their friends who were in favour of forcible means, they would stand convicted of not meaning what they said.

Against this motion Pillsbury and Remond (coloured) spoke with warmth. Mrs. Abby Foster then proposed to amend the motion by merely saying "It would give them much pleasure to see politicians forming such a party, proclaiming and pledging themselves disunionists." This Remond and Pillsbury also opposed. The latter, in his remarks, hinted that Mrs. Foster was influenced by love to her husband.

She then came forward, with tears in her eyes, as if the most injured woman in the world, and told the audience that for the first time in her life she had received an unkind act from friend Pillsbury; she wished all to know that never was she influenced by her husband.

Nothwithstanding the tears of Abby and the importunity of Stephen, the Western Anti-Slavery Society, at its anniversary, refused to say that it would give them much pleasure to see the politicians of the country enroll themselves under the disunion flag.

It was, in my opinion, the only sensible thing they did. After a motion was made to reconsider the action and lost, Foster rose and said: "This Society must remember that if it was to go out to the world that it was opposed to the use of forcible means (and they did say so by rejecting the resolution), *he could no longer stand on their platform.*"

After the usual amount of cursing, like the Council of Trent, specifying heretical individuals, sects and parties, they adjourned.

Whilst there was a great deal of boasting of progress, all of the speakers, some in so many words (Foss and Mr. and Mrs. Foster), acknowledged that no real progress had been made in the last twelve years.

The meeting, so far as I can judge, has not produced anything like the impression on the public mind of this community that their former ones have.

Their evident division among themselves was quite a shock to the feelings of the faithful.

Selections.

THE TRACT SOCIETY'S LAST CIRCULAR.

From The Tribune.

THE American Tract Society—as represented by its Standing Committees—has succumbed to the slaveholders. Placing its hand on its mouth and its mouth in the dust, it has eaten its timid and apologetic resolve of last Spring and returned to the policy of absolute silence with regard not only to slaveholding *per se*, but even to the evils and sins which—as the Society itself resolved last Spring—are concerned with or deducible therefrom. And the reason given is simply the unwillingness of the slaveholders to receive, listen to or read anything that the Society may see fit to offer on the subject.

This is certainly very extraordinary ground. We cannot remember that Noah, or Lot, or Isaiah, or John the Baptist, ever planted himself upon it. If it is to be settled that prophets and evangelists are only to reprove those sins which the sinners already condemn and are ready to repudiate, we can imagine no cause for which an apostle should be stoned or beheaded hereafter. It might be prudent, perhaps, for a preacher of righteousness, in entering upon a new field of labour, to make proclamation to this effect: "Good people! I come to you with a message from God, commanding you to repent and forsake your sins; but, as indiscreet and headlong denunciations of iniquity might give personal offence, and subject me to unpleasant odium and peril, I will thank you to make out a list of the sins which you are unwilling to give up, so that I may take care to omit them in my diatribes against sin in general and other people's sins in particular." We can see how this precaution might be convenient for the Rev. Cream Cheese; but how is it likely to be relished by his Divine Master—supposing him to have one?

—The Tract Society, at its last Annual Meeting, decided to publish a tract or tracts on the moral evils connected with or resulting from Human Slavery—the "*acknowledged* evils," we believe the phrase was. The Standing Committees say that this was to be done "without trenching on the *political* relations of slavery," so as only to set forth "certain *moral* duties growing out of its existence, or moral evils and practical immoralities deplored by all evangelical Christians." The direction of the Society was unconditional—the Standing Committees were not instructed to enter upon this field of labour if they should think proper, nor to consider the propriety of doing it, but to *do it*. The Publishing Committee, it seems, had already in preparation a tract on the "Duties [illegible] written by Southern South remonstrated—the South revolted—the South exclaimed like the demons of old, "Let us alone!" and Committees' hearts became like water. The work which the Society unqualifiedly directed them to do, they have not only intermitted—they have deliberately determined *not* to do it. Their apology for this lapse we print in another column. Can it be possible that the clerical gentlemen who mainly compose these Committees have never pondered the book of Jonah? What right have they to retain the stations conferred on them by the Society for the purpose of obstructing the work which the Society ordered them to do, instead of doing it?

The Committees say that the South will only receive or listen to their publications on condition of their refraining from putting forth *anything* with respect to slavery. It is not enough that they expressly ignore any consideration of "the *political* relations of slavery"—that they propose to consider only the duties of Masters *as* Masters, without discussing their duty to cease being Masters—it is not enough that they proposed to quote only from Southern divines the gentle rebukes of the short-comings of Masters which they had decided to publish—the South will permit no publication whatever relative to slavery by this eminently "National" Society. It refuses not merely to hear the Tract Society on this subject. If the subject be discussed in any of the Society's publications, the South will not hear the Society on *any* subject whatever. And it is to such menaces that men like the Rev. Dr. Williams would seem to have succumbed! We regret it, and think they will live to share in this sentiment. It seems to us that it would be unfair for these Committees to distribute tracts against rumselling in Cherry street, or those condemning harlotry at the Five Points, after this decision.

The Committees tell us in conclusion that they are "seeking the things that make for Peace," and "aiming to secure the fruit of *righteousness* sown in Peace," by the course they have resolved on. It seems to us that the Bible estimate of Peace, and the Bible method of obtaining Peace, are antagonistic to the Committees. "First *pure*, THEN peaceable," is the well-known Scriptural rule. To seek peace through subserviency to wrong seems the last way to secure that peace which the world can neither give nor take away.

Slavery is either one of the very greatest wrongs, and the fruitful parent of other wrongs, with all manner of vices and evils, or it is a just and proper relation which Christianity may blamelessly maintain and uphold. Its rightfulness is evidently a question of ethics, of morals, and of Christian theology. Good men may be honestly mistaken with regard to its true character; but woe to them who, perceiving the right, conceal or dissemble it. How can they read without a twinge of conscience the great Apostle's declaration, "I have not shunned to declare the whole counsel of God"?

THE SLAVE TRADE IN CUBA.

HAVANA, Sept. 7, 1857.

OUR Havana Prices Current and Mercantile Weekly Report invariably neglect to give the true state of our slave market. This is a glaring oversight, particularly at the present moment, when so many thousands of young Africans are being landed. What will your readers say when I tell them that three distinct landings have been effected within the port of Havana? It seems almost incredible, yet it can be testified to by hundreds of respectable citizens. I would have mentioned the fact in my last letter, but, before doing so, I took every possible step to ascertain the facts, in order not to do injustice to any one. The first cargo of these three was landed in Casa Blanca, at Sama's wharf, and secreted in his storehouses. It numbered some *four hundred* souls, and belonged mainly to that gentleman. From Casa Blanca the poor wretches were taken, the following night, to Guanabacoa, and there quartered until disposed of. The second expedition was landed from the Muelle de San Francisco at 4 o'clock in the morning, and numbered about three hundred. They were taken to a large beef establishment in Officios street, in front of the old Convent, and were hidden away in the back part of the house and sold in parcels of twenty. I will here inform the Captain-General that the twenty negroes seized at the railroad dépôt, and whose owner refused to claim them as his property, belonged to this expedition, and were purchased by his friend, Sr. Zulueta. I mention this because I have seen an advertisement in the *Gaceta* requesting the owner of twenty negroes seized without "Cedulas" to come forward and prove property. This expedition belonged to the same company that fitted out the Putnam in New York, the Clara B. Williams and others in Havana. Its agent for the purchase of American ships for the trade was Commodore Drinkwater, mentioned in former letters. The third expedition, consisting of about two hundred *negro children*, were landed last week at Talla Piedra wharf, near the Havana Arsenal, and were brought, like the two others, in a coaster, from the Keys, near Cardenas. I have seen as many as 500 of these unfortunates being taken through different parts of the city. They are always dressed in shirts previously soiled with red clay, and mixed up with old negroes who speak Spanish, and, thus provided with Cedulas, they are easily changed from one jurisdiction to another. In different parts of the coast landings have been effected. At Cardenas some of the negroes have been seized. One gang of 38, belonging to Sr. Bonifacio Dela Cuesba, were seized on board of the Alomendares steamer. However, very few, considering the numbers landed, have been caught. It is calculated that there are at least sixty vessels afloat with cargoes, some of which have been absent from four to six months! During the months of September and October, at least 30,000 negroes will be added to our population. Gen. Concha seems to be quite indifferent to this scandalous disregard of treaty stipulations, and has simply confined himself to the issue of a decree regulating the transportion of negroes from one place to another. The English Consul ought to be in possession of these facts, which I should judge would be more than sufficient to have Concha recalled immediately.—*Tribune.*

LYNCHING AN ABOLITIONIST IN MISSISSIPPI.

[A correspondent of the Memphis *Appeal*, writing from Oxford, Miss., on the 7th inst., gives the following account of the manner in which an Abolitionist was lynched.]

ON Friday night last, a man by the name of Snyder was brought here under arrest, charged with organizing an insurrection among the negroes in the neighbourhood of Abbeyville, and was tried before the commiting court the next day and discharged. But before he had time to get out of the court-house a meeting of the citizens was called. Mr. Yancy Wiley was called to the Chair, and made some inquiring remarks, which were answered by several of our influential citizens, somewhat recommending mob law, which was received with applause; but this was opposed to it. After deliberating some two hours, the prisoner agreed to remain in jail one month, to enable him to procure evidence of his innocence, which was put to a vote of the house and rejected; after which a committee of five was appointed to dispose of the matter. They agreed to accept his proposition (one month's imprisonment), and the meeting adjourned. He (the prisoner) left the house for the jail under care of two constables, but on arriving at the gate he was pushed back, when the officers had to release their hold, which was immediately taken by two of the crowd. They proceeded to the end of the street leading north from the court-house.

When they were about one hundred yards out of the corporation, they left the road about a quarter of a mile and stopped. The man (Snyder) was asked to strip himself, which he did without a word. He was then asked to acknowledge the crime he was charged with. To this he said he had none to make, that he was innocent, &c. After keeping him naked near an hour, and consulting, it was proposed to let him have what he chose, and he was carried back to the jail. Awhile after supper he was demanded of the jailor, who refused to let him out, but upon persuading and explanation on the part of the people, he (the jailor) agreed to turn the prisoner out, not having any legal process to imprison him, which was done. He was taken a half-mile from town by a picked crowd, who were watched closely by outsiders. After remaining in the woods about an hour and a half, the crowd (who were scattered around as sentinels) met at a fence where the prisoner was. He was again told to strip, which he proceded to do without molestation; but when he was drawing his shirt, it was caught and fastened around his neck with the sleeves for a blindfold. A rope was then put around his neck to frighten him, but it had not its desired effect. He was allowed to stand in that position about fifteen minutes, when he was carried to the bottom of the hollow nearest to where they were, and tied around a tree. He was told what was their intention: to lynch him until he told something. The lashing was commenced by two, who used straps fastened to sticks about ten inches long. After he had taken one hundred and sixty-seven lashes, he began to know something about it, but not enough to satisfy the lynchers; so they commenced again with two other lynchers, and when the number had reached two hundred and thirty-eight lashes, he told the whole tale, which was this: He was to raise a company of some dozen blacks, who were to be furnished with arms (knives and pistols) by him, and go to the houses of some of the wealthiest families and get their money by frightening them. If they failed in this way, they were to kill the men and take it, when they were to get on the cars for Memphis and then up the river to Indiana. They were to take two white ladies with them for wives. (He implicated testimony against him except his confession, as there was no the blacks. So he was shipped on the cars yesterday morning for the Junction, where he was to start to his home in Indiana. I have learned to-day that he was taken from the cars at Holly Springs and confined in jail. I suppose we shall hear more from him when the cars arrive here to-day. D. P. M.

THE RICHMOND REVIVAL.

From The Tribune.

WE are happy to learn, as we do from that organ of authority, *The New York Observer*, that the late Ross and Netherland Convention in Richmond, Va., beside the immense amount of most important canonical labour which it accomplished, also, by its very presence, awoke a deep religious feeling throughout the city. For this information we are indebted to the Rev. Charles H. Read, formerly of New York. That gentleman has written a short but pregnant epistle to *The Observer*, in which he sets forth the wonderful influence exerted by the gathering together of so many man-selling ministers and woman-whipping deacons. If these accounts are true—and Heaven forbid that we should question the veracity of the Rev. Charles H. Read!—then Richmond is now the scene of miracles hardly second to those of apostolical days, when Paul sent back the well-known fugitive. The blood of Netherland's two "boys," which the Deacon-Colonel carried to Richmond upon the skirts of his garment, must have possessed a certain subtle but saving odour of sanctity, like the oils, balsams and waters which were in such repute among the devotees of the olden time. Certain it is that, immediately upon the arrival of Ross (formerly owner of the "boy") with Netherland in Richmond, the very atmosphere became filled with religious influences. Nobody could escape them. An ungodly traveller, Mr. Read tells us, stopping at a hotel, was deeply impressed, and "having sought an interview with *me*, has gone on his way rejoicing." Thus it will be seen that while this Convention was repairing the Presbyterian platform, and making it neat, comfortable and commodious, Providence was also leading a great many people to ascend it. Indeed, we *did* think so from the generally jubilant, not to say triumphant, tone of Mr. Read's letter. He tells us that he went home to Richmond from "his Summer rustication" to attend the Convention, intending upon its adjournment to return to his bower of ease, but such has been its blessed effect, he now thinks he shall not go back to the country at all. We began to be sorry that we had ever spoken dubiously of that Convention. We began to feel that if it did make some little mistakes in such trifling matters as buying and selling men and women, or separating husband from wife, or withholding his hire from the labourer, that after all it might be a very useful body. Wishing to know, however, the precise amount of its benefits to the people of Richmond, we examined Mr. Read's letter particularly, in order to find out the number of brands plucked from the burning. Conceive our astonishment, mortification and disappointment, when we found that number to be—*three!* Three brands. That is all Mr. Read claims. And of these one was a travelling brand, and has gone on his way rejoicing, leaving just two in Richmond. Really, if Mr. Read wanted to puff the Convention effectually, he should have stuck to an indefinite magnificence of statement, and not have meddled with tell-tale figures.

But let us do Mr. Read and his Convention justice. If we understand his letter, the three converts are white folks, and the number does not include the sanctified and regenerated "coloured people," as Mr. Read gently calls them. After giving a particular account of the three white converts, which he does with some circumstantiality, he lumps the duskier brethren as follows: "The coloured people have attended all the *preaching* services in large numbers, and have seemed to be hearing the Gospel as for their lives. The impression among them was such on Sabbath day that brethren were called out of Convention, on subsequent days, to preach to them." Now this *is* really miraculous, and shows the astonishing power of the Convention most plainly. Here was a gathering of pious men—pastors and laymen—D. Ds, S. T. Ds and deacons—who met expressly for the purpose of lending the sanction of Christianity to a system which keeps over three millions of black men in chains. They met to prop up slavery by declaring it to be of God, and whoever says they met for any other purpose is either a fool or a falsifier. To accomplish this, the delegates exerted all the learning and eloquence at their command. What follows? Why, the negroes are at once exceedingly impressed with the beauty of the religion which sanctions their bondage and their floggings, and embrace it in droves! No wonder Mr. Read boasts of the power of the Convention.

We have already dared to think what a wicked place Richmond must be, when, upon the conversion of two white citizens, the Rev. Mr. Read thinks it necessary to write a special letter to *The Observer* announcing the important fact. We are afraid that Mr. Read has heretofore found white converts rather scarce, and, indeed, they do not appear to be as plenty as blackberries even now. The coloured people seem to monopolize most of the religion of the city. Ministers have been so fully engaged in making the slaves piously docile and Christianly contented, that they have had no time to attend to the masters. Therefore, there is a very wide field for the labours of such men as Mr. Read. We know, to be sure, that religion is not so necessary in a master as in a negro, who generally needs all the consolation he can get. We know that there are objections to having the masters too religious. Vital piety of the strongest kind might lighten the blow and relax discipline, and thus be decidedly "incendiary." We repudiate this reasoning. We point proudly to Deacon Netherland! We suppose he is about the most pious man in all Tennessee, and does he spare the rod and spoil the slave? On the contrary, he is a beautiful and exemplary flogger, with talents for the business worthy of Red River. Let Mr. Read, therefore, take the white folks in hand. Let him wrestle with Gov. Wise, with Roger Pryor, and with "——," the man of mystery, who threatened to shoot Roger Pryor! And when he has converted these three, let him write another letter to *The Observer*.

From The Philadelphia Christian Observer, Sept. 17.

PRAYER ANSWERED.

Just as our last number was put to press, we received a letter from an esteemed Elder and Christian brother in Richmond, Va., in which he says:

"It will be gratifying to you to learn that we have already some gracious answers to our prayers; I ought perhaps to say 'the prayers of our visiting brethren.' Already some five or six are rejoicing 'in a good hope for their spiritual interests. O that this may be to our beloved but bleeding Zion the beginning of a brighter day than has ever yet dawned on her." We add:

There was one case of hopeful conversion to God during the religious services connected with the Convention. May not the joy of these converts, who are rejoicing "in a good hope through grace," be recognised as the seal of Heaven, impressed by a Divine hand upon the purposes of the brethren recently convened in that city?

SLAVE LAW CASE.

——— (Ky.), Sept. 9, 1857.

To the Editor of The Liberator:

I SEND you a statement of a law case recently decided in this State, that may be of interest to your readers. The case has been appealed, but I have little hope of its reversal. The Dred Scott decision is making its mark. Five years ago, no Kentucky court would have ever thought of rendering such a decision as the one I report.

Stephen Kyler, a negro, who was born a slave, was emancipated by his master, Joseph Kyler, in 1843, and has since that time been a freeman. For several years prior to his emancipation, he cohabited with and was the husband (so far as by the laws of Kentucky, the place of their residence and nativity, he could be a husband) of a female slave named Cynthia, the property of a neighbour. Joseph Kyler, the former owner of Stephen, who was a bachelor and an old man, being anxious to secure Cynthia to Stephen as a wife, purchased her of her owner, but could not, under the Kentucky Constitution, and an act of the Legislature passed in pursuance thereof, emancipate her without her emigrating from the State, which was not required by law when Stephen was freed. This being the case, and Stephen and Cynthia desiring to remain in Kentucky, Joseph Kyler consulted a lawyer as to the best method of effecting his intentions, who advised him to convey her to Stephen, which he did in 1853, without any consideration. The conveyance, which was an ordinary bill of sale, was absolute on its face, but the object and understanding of the parties was not to convey Cynthia to Stephen as property, or so as to lay her liable for his debts, or to enable him to sell her or exercise any other power or control over her than that of husband, and he has at no time claimed or exercised any other right or power.

Prior to this conveyance, in the year 1849, Hon. George W. Dunlap, a lawyer, had recovered a judgment against Stephen for attorney's fees, and in 1857 had a writ of *fieri facias* on the judgment, and levied by an officer on Cynthia as the property of Stephen, and was proceeding to have her sold as a slave for its satisfaction. To prevent this, a suit was instituted by Stephen and Cynthia against Dunlap and the officer, by which they prayed the court to [illegible]; and even if she should be held to be the property of Stephen, that she was not liable for Dunlap's debt, it having been contracted before the conveyance of Cynthia to Stephen; and the conveyance, if fraudulent as to Stephen's creditors at all, in consequence of its being unconditional (as contended for by Dunlap), was not fraudulent as to creditors whose claims were in existence at the time.

The case was tried at the August term, 1857, of the Garrard Circuit Court, in the State of Kentucky, and was elaborately argued by Allan A. Burton and L. Landram, Esqs., for Stephen and Cynthia, and by Dunlap for himself; and the court held that Cynthia was not a wife, but property merely, and as such liable to be sold for her husband's debt to Dunlap.

The decision was appealed from, and will be tried at the December term, 1857, of the Court of Appeals of Kentucky.

SPEECH OF HON. HENRY WILSON,

At Worcester, Mass., Sept. 8, 1857.

* * * * * * *

WE are now told, Mr. President, that the living issues which last year summoned more than one hundred thousand sons of Massachusetts to the standard of Fremont are among the issues of the past. The living issues of 1856 among the issues of the past! Does not slavery in America now loom up a hideous and appalling spectre? Does it not stand revealed in the light of the nineteenth century to the gaze of mankind, in all its odious and revolting aspects? What an aggregation of immolated rights, nameless outrages, and "sumless agonies"! Millions of beings, created in the image of God, sunk from the lofty level of a common humanity down to the abject submission of unreasonable beasts of burden—manacles, chains and whips—pens, prisons and auction-blocks, bludgeons, revolvers and bloodhounds—scourgings, lynchings and burnings—laws to torture the body, shrivel the mind, and debase the soul—labour dishonoured and labourers despised—towns wasting away, and fields smitten with sterility—non-slaveholders impoverished and degraded, and slaveholders, in defiance of the lessons of history, the deductions of philosophy, the rights of humanity, and the teachings of Christianity, proudly vaunting their shame before the nations, make up this deformed monstrosity of organized barbarism, which now stands in shameless defiance of the civilization, humanity and Christianity of America. We of the North may avert our faces from this hateful spectacle; to the accusing voices of mankind we may reply in faltering accents—"We are not responsible!" "This crime is not ours!" "This guilt is not on our souls!" but we, as American citizens, jealous of the renown of our country, cannot but feel the deepest mortification and shame, as we see the sneer of scorn on the lips of mankind.

By a long series of assumptions and aggressive acts, by concessions and compromises, we of Massachusetts have been associated with and made responsible for this crime of human slavery in America. When the illustrious framers of the Constitution assembled in 1787, our history as a nation was radiant with deeds for the rights and liberties of mankind. Seventy years have just closed, and that history is blurred and blotted, stained by deeds for human slavery which bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of the patriot who loves his country, who feels the stain upon her fame as a blot of personal dishonour. Now a privileged class, bound together by two thousand millions of dollars, represented by the souls and bodies of more than four millions of bondsmen, rules with resistless power fifteen sovereign States. This aristocracy, based upon the immolated rights of humanity, now controls the executive, legislative and judicial departments of the National Government. In the pride and arrogance of usurped power, this slaveholding aristocracy bids the Supreme Court utter the inhuman sentiment that four millions of men in Republican America "have no rights that white men are bound to respect," and the President of the Republic to declare that slavery exists in the national territories by the authority of the Constitution of the United States. And shall we, the men of Massachusetts, oppose only a temporary, faint and heartless resistance to these ignominious avowals, which bring dishonour and shame upon the American name?

——Shall we calmly rest,
The Christian's scorn, the Heathen's mirth,
Content to live the lingering jest
And by-word of a mocking earth?

Or shall we not rather awake to the full realization of our responsibilities—to the full comprehension of our duties? Responsibilities rest upon us—duties press upon us. Responsibility and duty go hand in hand. Our path of duty, young men of Massachusetts, is radiant with light—as luminous as the pathway of the sun across the heavens on this bright autumnal day.

The earnest young men of Massachusetts—of the North—should cultivate a profound reverence for humanity, for its sacred and inalienable rights; hate, loathe and abhor slavery in every form; resolve that, whenever, wherever and however they may be summoned to act, their voices shall be FOR FREEDOM EVERYWHERE—FOR SLAVERY NOWHERE; that, in their own States, every man, no matter to what race he may claim kindred—no matter what blood may course through his veins—shall stand before the laws the equal and the peer of the most favoured sons of men; that over him—poor, ignorant and friendless though he may be—shall be thrown the panoply of just, equal and humane laws. Then they should, by legal and constitutional action, take possession of the National Government,

chusetts, in America, were animated by lofty motives, aims and purposes, and governed by wise, comprehensive and patriotic councils—that, living and dying, their hearts ever throbbed with an intense and vehement passion for the liberty, the renown, the unity and eternity of the republic!

From The Liberator.

We believe but a small portion of Mr. Wilson's speech was actually delivered, for want of time; so that we cannot tell with what favour it would have been received by the Convention. It reads very much like an old-fashioned anti-slavery speech, and we do not doubt expresses the real feelings and desires of Mr. Wilson, though it breathes a very different spirit, and speaks in a very different tone, from some of his utterances at Washington, and his letter to the Disunion Convention at Worcester last Winter. What relevancy it had to the occasion, we are unable to perceive. The Republican party has for its motto, "Freedom national, Slavery sectional." Mr. W. exclaims with us, "Freedom everywhere, Slavery nowhere." He is no longer a Republican, but an Abolitionist; and admonishes all who listen to him to apprehend the grandeur of the struggle and the solemnity of their obligations—especially the young men of Massachusetts. But all this glowing rhetoric ends in a hearty recognition of Mr. Banks as the man for the crisis, the champion of freedom—which is very much like ending in smoke. For Mr. Banks, instead of encouraging any agitation, or feeling that there is any necessity for it, says, "it is not indispensable that the sentiment of our people upon the subject of slavery should be made broader or deeper,' and declares that "we suffer as much from our zeal as from indifference"!

We can explain such glaring incongruities only in this way: Votes are wanted for Mr. Banks in all directions, to make him Governor of Massachusetts. Mr. B.'s speech is designed for the public at large, and seeks to propitiate conservatism rather than to incite to philanthropy. Mr. W.'s speech (or, rather, that portion of it which we lay before our readers) was evidently prepared for the more radical portion of the anti-slavery rank and file in the Commonwealth. It is not a rare thing to witness jugglery in politics, and this looks very much like it. Mr. Banks is not only cool, but stoical, and as the "iron" candidate, may be excused from being destitute of flesh. Mr. W. is for increasing the flame of abolitionism until it melt every fetter in all the land; Mr. B. is for throwing a wet blanket upon it. Mr. W. is concerned for the wretched fate of black labourers, actually chattelized; Mr. B. is interested in the case of white labourers, who have the power to make their own laws and to protect themselves. Mr. W. proposes many fine things to be done to bring slavery to an end—such as repealing the Fugitive Slave law, rescinding the Dred Scott decision, making the District of Columbia and the Territories free, abolishing the domestic slave trade, and putting the control of the General Government wholly into the hands of the North (all moonshine); Mr. B. is silent upon all these points, and does not seem to be aware that anything is to be done in particular, excepting on his part to "*religiously* support the Union of the States," and to concede to the South all the slaveholding guaranties in the Constitution! Yet Mr. Banks is the standard-bearer for Mr. Wilson!

THE NEW PRO-SLAVERY CHURCH.

From The Free Presbyterian.

By the proceedings we published last week, our readers will have learned that the Southern seceders from the N. S. Presbyterian Church have perfected their schism by giving it organic form. The salient point of this whole affair is that the new Church has really and avowedly but one distinctive principle, and that is the sanctity of American slavery. The seceders allege no other ground of difference with their brethren from whom they have separated. They profess to agree with them on all points of Christian doctrine and Church order. The sole offence laid to the charge of their former associates is that they will not recognise slavery as approvingly ordained of God, and as, in all circumstances, a holy and desirable institution. We say in *all* circumstances, because the N. S. General Assembly have always admitted that in *some* circumstances slavery is innocent. In the Detroit resolutions they specify three circumstances which, in their judgment, justify the holding of men as property by the members of the Church, and their last Assembly enacted nothing inconsistent with this. But because they hold that slavery, under other circumstances, is evil, Dr. Ross and his schismatical adherents have withdrawn, and organized what they call a Church, on the ground that slavery is always and only good, and shall enjoy the fullest and most undisturbed fellowship and sanction. Slavery is therefore their corner-stone, their sure foundation, their bond of union. The right of the master to buy, sell, work, scourge and kill his fellow-men, to separate them from wives and children, parents, brothers and sisters, is the [illegible] for the maintenance of which [illegible]

It is difficult to find words to adequately characterize the moral enormity of this whole proceeding. Slavery, in the abstract and in the concrete, and under all circumstances, is a crime that stands alone in unapproachable atrocity. It is literally the "sum of all villanies." There is not a crime on the catalogue of human guilt—sacrilege, blasphemy, idolatry, murder, incest, adultery, robbery or rape—which slavery does not license; and all of these crimes are perpetrated from time to time by masters upon their slaves. Some of them are perpetrated habitually, from the very nature of the case, others of them occasionally. All of them *may* be perpetrated with perfect impunity by masters on slaves, at any time and at all times. Yet here we have a Convention of the professed ministers and members of Jesus Christ, in his name, and ostensibly by his authority, separating from those with whom they have long associated, on the sole ground that this atrocious system shall not be discussed and shall not be condemned. And after separation, they proceed to form an organization, and call it a Church, on the avowed principle that God sanctions this concentration and embodiment of all conceivable guilt and infamy.

And these men have the terrible effrontery and blasphemy to call themselves Christians and Christian ministers! Christians indeed! What possible point of affinity can be traced between them and the meek and holy Jesus? Behold that Divine Saviour, as seated on the mountain side, with his mild eye all burdened with the weight of human sympathy, he proclaims, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." "Therefore all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye also to them, for this is the law and the prophets." Behold him again in the synagogue, with the book of law open before him, proclaiming: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, because he hath annointed me to preach the gospel to the poor, he hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, to preach deliverance to the captives, and recovering of sight to the blind, to set at liberty them that are bruised." The very soul of love and pity for the poor and oppressed breathes in his words and acts. "All bore him witness," we are told, "and wondered at the *gracious* words that proceeded out of his mouth." Their souls were lost in delightful wonder at the more than human love that, like a halo of heavenly light, pervaded his presence, and breathed around him. His distinguishing mark of his own divinity and Messiahship was his love for the poor, and his zeal to preach to them the gospel. Wherever a human heart lies crushed under oppression, there yearn his bowels of mercy. Wherever a soul toils wearily under the weight of sin and sorrow, there sounds his voice of love, bidding the weary and heavy laden to come to him and be at rest.

Turn we now to the other side of the picture. In the City of Richmond, where day by day the hammer of the auctioneer falls heavily on the crushed and broken hearts of the scattered and peeled poor ones of this land, assembles a convocation of the nominal disciples of this blessed and compassionate Saviour. Do they, like him, feel that their mission is to "preach deliverance to the captives, and the opening of the prison to the bound"? Nay verily. Their open and avowed and only object is to perpetuate the captivity and bar more securely the prison doors of the oppressed. Under the shadow of the lofty temple where they meet, the Saviour, in the person of some of his poor heart-broken disciples, lies chained and bruised in the loathsome slave-den. These professed ambassadors of that very Saviour meet for the sole purpose of organizing a nominal Church in which those who buy, and sell, and chain, and lacerate Jesus Christ may be fellowshipped as good Christian brethren. In that fetid slave-pen lies the wife and mother. She has been ruthlessly parted forever from her husband, and from her arms has been cruelly torn the babe over whose little form her heart yearns with all the deathless love that the mother only knows. As she lies there in chains, memory brings back the image of the little one. She sees the sweet smile upon its innocent face. She feels its warm breath and the pressure of the dimpled hand upon her bosom; and then, as she recalls the dreadful truth that she will see it no more in this world, she sobs as if her heart-strings would burst asunder. And there, almost within hearing of her wail, those professed ministers of the loving Jesus are ordaining that the fiend in the shape of man, who inflicted all this terrible weight of woe, does nothing whatever inconsistent with the character of the Christian! And these men preach, and pray, and talk pious cant, and then, like the adulterous woman, wipe their mouths and say, "we have done no wickedness"!

Let these men fill up their cup of iniquity, and, by all means, let them be consistent, and open wide the doors of the sanctuary they are founding. Let them send one delegation to the leprous saints of the Salt Lake Valley, another to the seething brothels of the Five Points of New York, and a third to the Thugs of India, bidding the Mormon adulterer, the New York prostitute and the Indian assassin to come to their fold, and aid them in celebrating this marriage of death and hell. We can conceive of but one reason why they might not thus greatly increase their somewhat meager number, and that is, that the Mormon, the prostitute and the Thug might spurn the invitation, and resent as an insult the attempt to place them on a level with Dr. Ross and his adherents. We can hardly say that they would not have just cause so to do.

IS THE SOUTH TOO HOT FOR WHITE MEN?

From the "Impending Crisis of the South," by H. R. Helper, of North Carolina.

Too hot in the South, and too unhealthy there—white men "can't stand it"—negroes only can endure the heat of Southern climes! How often are our ears insulted with such wickedly false assertions as these? In what degree of latitude—pray tell us—in what degree of latitude do the rays of the sun become too calorific for white men? Certainly in no part of the United States, for in the extreme South we find a very large number of non-slaveholding whites, over the age of fifteen, who derive their entire support from manual labour in the open fields. The sun, that bug-bear of slaveholding demagogues, shone on more than one million of free white labourers, mostly agriculturalists, in the slave States in 1850, exclusive of those engaged in commerce, trade, manufactures, the mechanic arts and mining. Yet, notwithstanding all these instances of exposure to his wrath, we have had no intelligence whatever of a single case of *coup d'soleil*. Alabama is is not too hot; sixty-seven thousand white sons of toil till her soil. Mississippi is not too hot; fifty-five thousand free white labourers are hopeful devotees of her out-door pursuits. Texas is not too hot; forty-seven thousand free white persons, males, over the age of fifteen, daily perform their rural vocations amid her unsheltered air.

It is stated on good authority that, in January, 1856, native ice, three inches thick, was found in Galveston Bay; we have seen it ten inches thick in North Carolina, with the mercury in the thermometer at two degrees below zero. In January, 1857, while the snow was from three to five feet deep in many parts of North Carolina, the thermometer indicated a degree of coldness seldom exceeded in any State of the Union—thirteen degrees below zero. The truth is, instead of its being too hot in the South for white men, it is too cold for negroes; and we long to see the day arrive when the latter shall have entirely receded from their uncongenial homes in America, and given full and undivided place to the former.

Too hot in the South for white men! It is not too hot for white women. Time and again, in different counties in North Carolina, have we seen the poor white wife [illegible] vest field from morning till night, binding up the grain as it fell from the cradle. In the neighbourhood from which we hail, there are not less than thirty young women, non-slaveholding whites, between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five—some of them who are so well known to us that we could call them by name—who labour in the fields every summer; two of them in particular, near neighbours of our mother, are in the habit of hiring themselves out during harvest time, the very hottest season of the year, to bind hay and oats—each of them keeping up with the reaper; and this for the paltry consideration of twenty-five cents per day.

That any respectable man—any man with a heart or a soul in his composition—can look upon these poor toiling white women without feeling indignant at that accursed system of slavery which has entailed on them the miseries of poverty, ignorance and degradation, we shall not do ourself the injustice to believe. If they and their husbands, and their sons and daughters, and brothers and sisters, are not righted in some of the more important particulars in which they have been wronged, the fault shall lie at other doors than our own. In their behalf, chiefly, have we written and compiled this work; and until our object shall have been accomplished, there shall be no abatement in our efforts to aid them in regaining the natural and inalienable prerogatives out of which they have been so infamously swindled. We want to see no more ploughing or hoeing, or raking or grain-binding, by white women in the Southern States; employment in cotton mills and other factories would be far more profitable and congenial to them, and this they shall have within a short period after slavery shall have been abolished.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY—RELIGIOUS COWARDICE.

From The Springfield Republican.

We have received from the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society a circular letter, giving their reasons for deciding to disobey the instructions of the Society, and to publish nothing touching the subject of slavery. It is an extraordinary document. It would be remarkable coming from a number of respectably honest men engaged in any enterprise. Coming from Christian men, the managers of a great religious enterprise, it is the most remarkable document of the century. It is an open confession of want of confidence in the power of truth and want of faith in God, and the deliberate defence of an entirely novel system of Christian tactics, based upon the idea that whatever truth is distasteful to any large class of men is to be suppressed. It rests on the radical mistake that Christianity saves men *in* their sins, instead of saving them *from* their sins.

At the last anniversary of the Tract Society a resolution was passed [illegible] evils of slavery. The committee to publish this circular that they have decided not to do this. They had prepared a treatise upon "the duty of masters," made up of articles written by Southern divines, and of course not likely to give offence to any Christian slaveholder. But they have been assured by the best friends of the Society at the South that it will not answer to publish anything on the subject, and they have therefore suppressed this harmless treatise and will publish nothing in any way touching the vexed subject. Already, they say, there is a virtual suspension of collections at the South, and, if the distrust and alienation continue, they must surrender all the Southern and South Western States, and "palsy one whole side of our institution."

Admit that this foreboding is likely to be verified, does it begin to justify the action of the Committee? If it is the duty of the Tract Society to publish the truth touching the question of slavery, to treat it as the Old Testament writers and as Christ and his apostles treated it, and to exert its influence against this great crime of our age and country, then this fact that such truth is distasteful to those implicated in the wrong presents no reason at all for its suppression. We are not aware that the Tract Society intends to suppress its tracts against dishonesty, gambling, profanity, or any other sin, because it fears to give offence to the large classes of sinners implicated in these various infractions of God's law. Why should it make a distinction in favour of slavery which it does not make in respect to any other evil? Evidently and confessedly because slavery is strong—"on the side of the oppressor is power"—and the Tract Committee has not the courage to face its opposition. They therefore make a cowardly surrender at the first muttering of displeasure from the South, and thus, it seems to us, bring deep dishonour upon the Christian profession everywhere.

Let us suppose that Brigham Young and his deluded rabble should become contributors to the funds of the American Tract Society, and zealously set themselves to the distribution of the little, silent messengers of truth; but Brigham should insist that the Society, as the indispensable condition of Mormon cooperation, should suppress all its tracts against licentiousness and polygamy, or in support of Christian marriage. The cooperation of the people of Utah is very desirable—there is no telling how much good they might accomplish in the tract cause—why should not the Committee agree to Brigham's proposition? Clearly they ought to do it, if their position in the circular before us is a sound one. So we might apply this principle of concession to sin to other large classes of sinners, and the Tract Society will soon be able to limit their rebukes of sin to a considerably smaller list than those mentioned in the decalogue.

SLAVERY AS IT IS.

We extract from a correspondent of the *American Missionary*.

"I came in the stage from Lexington to Madison a few days since. In the stage was a coloured woman and her child. After riding some miles, her master, who sat next her, leaned forward, and, in an under tone, as if conscious of his guilt, inquired if Court met in Richmond next day. 'Then, can I sell this woman and her child to-morrow?' 'Oh yes.' Here was a living victim before my eyes. I thought—oh, if that were my sister or my mother! I gazed in her face. Her anguish was too deep for tears. I beheld the oppressions of the land. On the side of the oppressor there was power, and none to deliver. But I was suddenly roused by a man formerly from the *North!* He commenced discoursing to me on the kindness, hospitality, etc., of the Kentuckians. Of course, with this living, ostensible proof of their humanity before my eyes, I was convinced.

"'Many,' said he, 'of these farmers buy up these women just to *breed*.' I give his words: 'Why, a young woman that has a child sells very high. Lots of these farmers buy them up; so that I'd not be surprised if this one sells for twelve or fifteen hundred dollars.' 'You see,' he continued, 'they just buy them to *breed*. They will put them on the farm to work and they earn their living; for it don't cost much to keep them. Then the master has the profit in the children. Why, it is nothing thought of here'—meaning it is counted no scandal—'for a man to have a lot of women beside his wife, and have children by them.'

"Later in the day, another slaveholder in the coach confirmed all these assertions by boastings with regard to himself. Truly, he gloried in his shame. J. M. M."

Our readers may be assured we take no pleasure in spreading before the sun those deeds of darkness and shame which characterise Southern slavery and enter into its constituent elements. But the truth ought to be known, else slavery will not be rightly appreciated.

Let none suppose that the loathsome facts recorded above are of rare occurrence. They are common enough to *affect the price of womanhood as a chattel*. Who believes that the price of young women could go up to twelve or fifteen hundred dollars if the owner did not buy them for the double shame of using them as concubines and as breeders for the human flesh-market? Of course there are bidders for slave-women, and bidding too for such purposes, or the price could not rule so high.

One such broad, comprehensive fact is a volume. What revelations of unutterable pollution does it make! Pray, how can there be a relic of moral purity remaining in a land where such deeds are not only tolerated, but made their boast and their glory, and also their *living* and their *wealth!—Christian Press.*

Another Stampede of Slaves.—On Sunday last no less than eight negroes—belonging to F. M. Carter, Margaret McCarty, Joseph Isden, Dr. A. Gibson, Wm. Dodd and Thos. Hoge—made tracks from Loudoun County.—*The (Richmond) South, 15th.*

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1857.

CALL FOR A NORTHERN CONVENTION.

Whereas it must be obvious to all that the American Union is constantly becoming more and more divided, by Slavery, into two distinct and antagonistic nations, between whom harmony is impossible, and even ordinary intercourse is becoming dangerous;

And whereas Slavery has now gained entire control over the three branches of our National Government, Executive, Judicial and Legislative; has so interpreted the Constitution as to deny the right of Congress to establish freedom even in the Territories, and by the same process has removed all legal protection from a large portion of the people of the free States, and has inflicted, at many times and places, outrages far greater than those which our fathers rose in arms to repel;

And whereas there seems no probability that the future will, in these respects, be different from the past, under existing State relations;

The undersigned respectfully invite their fellow-citizens of the Free States to meet in Convention, at Cleveland, Ohio, on WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY, October 28th and 29th, 1857, to consider the practicability, probability and expediency of a separation of the Free and Slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.

Maine.
John R. Banton,
William Cushman,
J. B. Drew,
John Hanscom,
S. S. Henderson,
Peter Libbey,
Isaac J. Merrill,
Peter L. Morrill,
John O. Parmer,
M. F. Whittier.

New Hampshire.
A. Bronson Alcott,
Alonzo Allen,
Benjamin Chase,
Jehiel Claflin,
P. B. Cogswell,
R. K. Gould,
B. F. Hutchinson,
Geo. O. Paul,
Jos. Philbrick,
Nathaniel White.

Vermont.
Alonzo Blair,
T. S. Bliss,
W. H. H. Claflin,
John Gilliss,
William Hayward,
N. R. Johnston,
Cromwell Leonard,
Chauncey Richardson,
Joshua Ross,
S. M. Seaver.

Massachusetts.
William I Bowditch,
Amos Binney,
Chauncey Clark,
C. H. Codman,
Elnathan Davis,
Thomas Earle,
Nathaniel Hall,
Charles F. Hovey,
John P. Jewett,
Frank B. Sanborn.

Rhode Island.
J. C. Brown,
Samuel B. Chase,
John Helme Clarke,
Duty Evans,
Asa Fairbanks,
D. B. Harris,
T. M. Hathaway,
A. R. Janes,
A. Parmenter,
J. Towne.

Connecticut.
J. B. Barnes,
Eddy Harding,
J. C. Hobart,
Merrill Humphrey,
A. Pettibone,
Philip Scarborough,
Riley Stillman,
Geo. W. Walbridge,
J. B. Whitcomb,
J. D. Wright.

New York.
William Henry Burr,
J. F. Cleveland,
S. H. Gay,
H. W. Gilbert,
O. Johnson,
S. J. May,
Isaac Post,
Robert Owen,
L. Wetmore.

New Jersey.
A. G. Campbell,
William Coates,
J. B. Grimes,
J. P. Hutchinson,
Samuel S. James,
Rowland Johnson,
Seth H. Leap,
Benjamin Rulon,
Thomas B. Thorn,
Philip Woolton.

Pennsylvania.
Caleb C. Hood,
W. W. Justice,
Edward Paramor,
J. M. McKim,
Robert Purvis,
John Tillinghast,
[illegible] Wanger,
Charles P. Walton,
John Whitely,
Thomas Whitson.

Ohio.
Abraham Brooke,
John DeGraw,
Joseph Heighton,
Robert Hiller,
Chester Nash,
William F. Parker,
F. J. Reeve,
M. R. Robinson,
Zaphna Stone,
Joshua Whinery.

Michigan.
J. Carroll,
Edward Y. Cornell,
John E Dey,
Barton Durfee,
F. G. Hooker,
R. W. Melendy,
A. L. Power,
L. B. Russell,
W. Weeks,
J. H. Woods.

Indiana.
A. H. Buckman,
I. M. Frost,
William Hayward,
Jehu Hiatt,
John Jay,
Harris Jenness,
Lemuel S. Jones,
Thomas B. Morse,
T. T. Puckett,
John M. Thornburgh.

Illinois.
Moses Bishop,
C. B. Campbell,
A. J. Grover,
T. C. Haywood,
A. S. Hoadley,
F. Hoover,
John Phinney,
A. R. Russell,
John S. Stafford,
B. G. Wright.

Wisconsin.
Alfred Aspinall,
Benjamin Bollard,
Lyman Brooks,
Joseph Doolittle,
N. W. Martin,
D. H. Morgan,
W. S. Ottman,
E. D. Phelps,
Gilbert S. Skeel,
J. M. Westover.

Iowa.
Enjan Bussuy,
Henry B. Clarke,
J. P. Davis,
O. Hambleton,
W. H. Hanna,
Lot Holmes,
Edwin James,
Benjamin D. Pierce,
Edward Turner,
Cromwell Wilson.

Minnesota.
Benj. B. Beall,
A. E. Bemis,
N. M. Bemis,
O. C. Blakeslee,
Henry Blakeslee,
H. M. Blakeslee,
J. Mortimer Hall,
P. Sherman,
Otis R. Spurr,
J. M. Vining.

Note. The unexpectedly large number of signatures to this call renders it impossible to print more than a few names from each State. An analysis of the whole list is given below. It is evident that by more systematic effort the number might have been increased ten-fold. As it is, however, it is not known that any Convention in the United States was ever summoned by so large a number of persons.

Committee of Arrangements.

Thos. Wentworth Higginson, Wendell Phillips,
F. W. Bird, Daniel Mann,
William Lloyd Garrison.
Joseph A. Howland, *Secretary.*

States.	*Legal Voters.*	*Others.*	*States.*	*Legal Voters.*	*Others.*
Maine.	33	22	Ohio,	1,187	570
New Hampshire,	56	29	Michigan,	315	131
Vermont,	53	9	Indiana,	351	123
Massachusetts,	945	380	Illinois,	124	46
Rhode Island,	79	24	Wisconsin,	87	32
Connecticut,	62	40	Iowa,	136	45
New York,	509	253	Minnesota,	8	4
New Jersey,	21	12	Others,	7	4
Pennsylvania,	227	109			
Total, . . .	6,033 persons.			4,200	1,833

THE MARTYR SPIRIT.

The following letter, written twenty-six years ago, before *The Liberator* was one year old, is interesting at the present time as an illustration of the spirit in which the Anti-Slavery Movement had its origin, and of the perils to which its earliest champion was exposed. It was addressed to the Rev. La Roy Sunderland, who lately communicated it to the printer of *The Liberator* for publication in that paper.

Boston, Sept. 8, 1831.

Dear Sir: I labour under very signal obligations to you for your disclosures relative to my personal safety. These do not move me from my purpose the breadth of a hair. Desperate wretches exist at the South, no doubt, who would assassinate me for a sixpence. Still, I was aware of this peril when I began my advocacy of the cause of the slave. Slaveholders deem me their enemy; but my aim is simply to benefit and save them, and not to injure them. I value their bodies and souls at a high price, though I abominate their crimes. Moreover, I do not justify the slaves in their rebellion: yet I do not condemn *them*, and applaud similar conduct in *white* men. I deny the right of any people to fight for liberty, and so far am a Quaker in principle. Of all men living, however, our slaves have the best reason to assert their rights by violent measures, inasmuch as they are more oppressed than others.

My duty is plain—my path without embarrassment. I shall still continue to expose the criminality and danger of slavery, be the consequences what they may to myself. I hold my life at a cheap rate; I know it is in imminent danger: but if the assassin take it away, the Lord will raise up another and better advocate in my stead.

Again thanking you for your friendly letter, I remain, in haste, Yours, in the best of bonds,

Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

Kansas.—The Free State party, or a majority thereof, has determined, in spite of the bogus apportionments and the other obstacles with which it must contend, to go into the October election and make an effort to secure the delegate to Congress and a Free State Territorial Legislature. We see very little ground to hope that they will succeed, while we are sure that in any case they will injure their cause by such a compromise of principle. The following extract from the Lawrence *Herald of Freedom*, of Sept. 12, contains the latest news:

"*Evacuation of Lawrence—Threatened Resignation of Gov. Walker.*—Col. Cooke received an order on Tuesday last from Gen. Harney, in command at Fort Leavenworth, directing him to remove the six companies of dragoons under his command at Lawrence forthwith to that post, agreeably to the order of the Secretary of War. On Thursday the camp was broken up and the troops crossed the river, en route for the fort.

"Gov. Walker had received two requests prior to this, desiring the troops to be returned to the fort, but, deeming their services necessary to preserve the peace, he neglected to comply with the demand; hence, probably, the reason of the order from the Secretary of War.

"Gov. Walker left Lecompton on Tuesday noon last, for Fort Leavenworth, it is said, with the view of telegraphing the President, and resigning his commission unless sustained by the United States troops."

THE RASCALS TO BE BOUGHT OFF.

How refreshing, in an age of sentimental charlatanry, chimerical benevolence, and disagreeable agitation, tending no whither, is the sight and sound of a practical man, of practical men sturdily putting their hands in their pockets and buying the devil out of all his enterprises! When the great Adversary, from a high mountain, exhibited an inventory of his lands and hereditaments—to wit, "all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them"—and made his well-known overture for a transfer, would it not have been more politic and shrewd to come down at once with a liberal *pecuniary* offer for the whole property than to make an austere reply which put an end to the whole negotiation? Alas, for a lost opportunity! The original proprietor has kept possession ever since, and has not shown himself in a mood for selling, while the estate has risen fearfully beyond the abilities of the Church. What wonder, however, that a man, who had not even money enough to pay his taxes, should have failed hitherto in getting possession of the whole world! Little, too, could have been expected of an enterprise committed to the hands of men expressly told to put no money in their purses. The establishment of Christianity, for the last eighteen hundred years, has presented only that doubtful success of similar undertakings presented under the embarrassment of want of sufficient capital. Latterly, however, the pecuniary affairs of the Church are in a healthier state; partly on account of the multitudes of wealthy men who have been converted, but more, perhaps, from the great prosperity of those Christians who have found that godliness is gain.

Under these easier circumstances, great changes of policy manifest themselves, promising the most astounding results. The saints of this age walk upon '*Change* with their gold-headed canes and ruffled shirts, and money in their pockets to buy any stocks that come to the world's market. Let us be prepared to hear that the millenium has come any fine morning, not by praying and preaching, or other slow and unsatisfactory methods, but by some gigantic combination of Christian capital and saintly enterprise. The Anniversaries, any year, may collect in New York the devout millionaires from all quarters of the land, who, putting together their heads and their purses, may buy out the kingdom of Satan in one comprehensive speculation. Outside and uncommercial people will not have an inkling of it until the consummated trade astonishes and delights their ears; the leading details of which will be, the rumsellers to have $3,000 a year forever in lieu of the profits of their traffic; abandoned women to give up their seductive practices, and retire into well white-washed, well ventilated, shady hospitals by the seaside, where they are to be supplied with one new silk dress per month each, together with cosmetics, looking-glasses, Godey's Ladies' Book and new novels *ad libitum*; the Brahmin priesthood to come over to America and hold Presidencies and Professorships in various Colleges; the right to hold two Sabbath Protestant services in all the *mosques* of the land of *Islam* to be secured in perpetuity, by the payment annually of one million pounds of best Virginia tobacco; the Pope to retire on a liberal pension to the island of Malta; the Grand Lama to make over his spiritual jurisdiction in the East to a corporation of evangelical trustees, reserving to himself the right to travel in the United States and Europe, during the term of his natural life, with Mr. Barnum, receiving as his own perquisites one-half the nett proceeds of the exhibition; and the infidels to undertake the exploration of Dr. Kane's Polar Sea, giving bond not to return within five hundred years under pain of conversion!

That such results are not beyond expectation may be shown from the steps proposed to be taken in the above direction. Quite lately, in view of the loose management of the Missionary, Bible and Tract Societies, by ministers and clerical persons, it has been proposed to employ only accomplished merchants and financiers to manage those corporations upon sound business principles. Perhaps, in view of the economy of the contract system, some devout George Law would give bonds for the conversion of one thousand Chinese at $100 per head, or would farm the Christian religion into the Mahratta or Gaboon districts, within five years, for a liberal bonus. Doubtless economy of missionary expenditure might be promoted by some such policy.

But it was in view of a more palpable and recent prowere moved to these hopes and congratulations.

Very beautiful upon the bluffs of beautiful Cleveland are the feet of those timely men, who propose to throw dollars liberally into the chasm that has long threatened to engulf our glorious Union. To be sure, we feel a sort of ludicrous pity of Garrison and his compatriots, who are to have their pipes put out by this shower of gold. It is said that that infatuated journeyman printer had no money to start with—even slept in his printing-loft, and ate nowhere in particular. Even now, fame has it that he has no money to speak of, after twenty-five years' service in his forlorn enterprise. Well, he will have his labour for his pains, and continue to be, as he has been, well laughed at. Mr. Casby and his friends, with Mr. Pancks, their *factotum*, betake themselves to Cleveland, and settle the whole slavery question in three days. Long live the practical men, we say! Down with your theorists, your sentimentalists, your visionaries! Money makes the mare go! Let us hasten to try it upon this obstinate jade of Reform, that has stood there kicking, and backing, and biting, till we and the world are out of patience.

We must be allowed to lay our thumb upon our nose and wriggle our fingers at Garrison, however, he was so *jolly green*. He went to the ministers, went to the politicians, went to the poets, went to the philanthropists, and never once had the wit to apply to the men who could do something, because they had money. Casby, benevolence gleaming on all his bumps, and that steam-tug Pancks ready to lay him aside of any iceberg of iniquity which he proposes to thaw by the radiation of his charity, come *blowing* to the rescue, and behold the day of Jubilee!

We congratulate these excellent financiers upon the despatch with which they have achieved the negotiation. The slaveholders are to have $250 per head for each slave from Congress, together with an enhancement of their real estate, reckoned at from 100 to 500 per cent.: this, however, not to preclude the several States and private charity from *eking out these trifles to something handsome*. To be sure, the slaveholders were not there either in person or by any authorized brokers. No doubt if Mr. Aiken, or Toombs, or Jefferson Davis had been present to stick for $300, they would have got it. They showed their good sense and facilitated the arrangement essentially by staying at home. Now that the whole thing has been settled by men so closely in their confidence as Elihu Burritt, and Revs. John Rankin and C. W. Dennison, they would be most unreasonable to arrest the consummation by any impertinent objections.

Of course the settlement of the main question settles all the collateral questions. The President, Governor Walker and the *Border Ruffians* will no longer subject themselves to the trouble of getting slaves into Kansas, since they are all inventoried and to be redeemed below the market rates. The slave-markets of Baltimore, Charleston and New Orleans will go down with a rush, and gangs that cost $1,000 per head the week before the Convention, must go off heavy at $250, and failures among drovers be the immediate consequence. The paternal estimation in which chivalrous Virginians hold their yellow children must abate in a manner most discreditable to human nature. Only think what a dead loss of human virtue it would be to lose at a blow 75 per cent. of our fatherly affections! Our little boy says he loves us a hundred dollars, and of course estimates our reciprocated love at an equal figure. Ought not the National Compensation Emancipation Convention to hesitate before they decide to cut down a Virginian father's affection for his likely mulatto son and promising quadroon daughter from $750 to $250? Do they make war upon the holiest natural instincts?

Mr. Casby and his friends have wisely considered the wants of the emancipated also. "*The small sum of twenty-five dollars to each of these wronged and destitute ones would go far towards providing them with humble homes upon this continent, or upon another, should they prefer so wide a removal from the land of their birth.*" This is not a magnificent provision of itself, but very liberal under the circumstances. Mr. Casby steps into the parlour, Pancks sweating and tugging behind with the money-bags, and shakes hands with the assembled *masters*. The courtesies duly exchanged, he sits down to settle with them. Pancks counts out the $1,000,000,000, which they receive with that high-born dignity which so becomes their chivalric descent, and civilly invite Mr. Casby to dinner, leaving Pancks to fix the papers. After a not too ceremonious meal, the great Casby retires, and at the foot of the avenue encounters Cuffee "*minding* the horses," and having an inkling of the last transaction. Of course, in so heavy a business, two and a half eagles is coin enough to throw into Cuffee's hat. Mr. Casby has always thrown five dollars where common men throw York shillings. In this case he can be excused, after having just disbursed $1,000,000,000, if only a few hundreds remain in his bag, and he and Pancks must travel home respectably. We are serious in maintaining, therefore, that $25 *is* liberal. But we suggest that it be put on a little different ground—that it be considered as a fee for holding the horses, or to drink the two gentlemen's health, and not as *going far* towards setting up a naked, shoeless, shirtless, hatless African Lazarus as a landholder, housekeeper and responsible head of a family. Why, it seems to us that if we had been in slavery, and our ancestry, ever since there was any tradition of us, and were suddenly emancipated, that we should not think of investing less than $25 in such hilarity as was proper for the occasion. We fear these mercurial, joyous, rollicking negroes, coming suddenly into possession of $25 a piece under such circumstances, would decide, *nem. con.*, to devote the whole sum to drinking the healths of the gentlemen of the National Compensation Emancipation Convention. If this is the best use to put the money to—and we do not say it is not—then let the resolution be amended so as to say so, and let Cuffee have his particular high time without any qualms of conscience.

If Mr. Casby, however, seriously purposes to economize the donation to "*the emancipated*," to be used in sea voyages across the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, extensive land-journeys up and down the North and South American Continents, in search of such "*humble homes*" as may gratify their taste for the picturesque, Mr. Pancks must be sent to act as their disbursing agent, and every item must be entered scrupulously upon his note-book. We feel appalled, but perhaps Pancks does not, at the monstrous purchase he is to make with so small a fund. Necker's problem of the French finances was nothing to it. The resolution intimates some sort of *exodus*. The twenty-five dollars are given with a view of starting four million people on their travels in search of "*humble homes*." This is not all fancy—it is necessity—for the slaveholders, with their $1,000,000,000 *eked* out by State, County, and private compensation, and 500 per cent. increased valuation of all their lands, will retire to salubrious sea-side cities, to airy mountain residences, and investing their airy capital in what the elder Weller used to call "the *funs*," will spend their loose change in betting on favourite Southern horses, favourite Southern roosters, and favourite Southern candidates. They will not care to sell their lands to men whose sole capital is $25. They will keep them for a further rise. So that "*the emancipated*," like *poor Joe*, must "*move on*."

Pancks can do much by a system of *through-ticketing* and family-ticketing, but, what with trunks for the men's wardrobes and wardrobes for their trunks, band-boxes for the women's bonnets and bonnets for their band-boxes, an infinity of shoes and unlimited confectionary for *Young Africa*, to say nothing of stage and steamboat fares for the journey, suits of rooms at hotels while the head of the family is prospecting, land, fencing, seed, nails, glass, provisions, oxen, cows, pigs, ploughs, shovels, axes, hoes, gridirons, tin-ware, wooden-ware, before the "*humble home*" is achieved, will not the twenty-five dollars run low? We wish Mr. Casby had fixed it as high as $30, so as to enable clubs of "*these wronged and destitute ones*" to take the *New York Tribune* and The Anti-Slavery Standard, and attend Lyceums the coming winter.

FILLIBUSTERING.

It is currently reported that another and an extensive scheme for invading Nicaragua has been concocted by the Slave Power, and that three several expeditions are being prepared for that purpose—one in this city, one in New Orleans, and one in Mobile—all under the leadership of the piratical scoundrel, William Walker. A large amount of money is said to have been subscribed, and a multitude of men enlisted for the enterprise. Walker has issued a manifesto to the slaveholders, in which he boldly avows his purpose to *regenerate* Nicaragua by establishing slavery therein, and argues the necessity of the measure as a means of counteracting the anti-slavery designs of Great Britain. He says:

"And of all the countries of tropical America, Nicaragua has most need for a thorough organization of labour. The revolutions of nearly forty years have made idlers of a large majority of the population, and but for the exceeding fertility of the soil would long since have converted it into a desert. The reintroduction of negro slavery, [illegible] the cheapest and most efficient means in Central America, and it is the consciousness of this fact which is leading to a combination of the mixed races of Spanish America for the purpose of excluding slavery forever from the territories now occupied by them. The tendency of this combination is, of course, to confine slavery on the American continent within its present limits; and it appears to me of some importance that the evidences of the combination should be placed before the people of the Southern States.

"Nor are written and palpable evidences of this combination lacking. You may find them in the archives of Costa Rica at San José, and in those of New Granada at Bogota. Still nearer home you may find the evidences not only of the Spanish-American combination, but also of British complicity with it, among the archives of Washington and of Westminster. It is strange that these facts have attracted so little attention on the part of the Southern people; but they may feel the importance of them long after they have lost the power to control the consequences of the combination.

"To the facts: In the month of May, 1856, a treaty was entered into between the States of New-Granada and Costa Rica. Ostensibly the main object of this treaty was the settlement of a boundary question long pending between the two Republics; and the treaty was signed soon after the English Government had agreed to furnish arms to Costa Rica for the purpose of fighting the Americans in Nicaragua. But in this treaty the strange and singular clause is inserted whereby the contracting parties agree that slavery shall never be

at least, is not *now*—a temperance man, an anti-slavery man or a Christian, to entitle him to receive a Republican nomination. When good men sternly refuse to vote for immoral men for office, and require integrity of character in their candidates as the *first* qualification, *then*, and not *till* then, will the *best* men be selected as candidates, and politics be lifted out of the slough of grovelling expediency and low intrigue into the sunlight of truth and principle."

In equally plain terms the same paper speaks of the present position of the Republican party in Massachusetts:

"The Banks men of Massachusetts have had a great gathering at Worcester, at which Senator Wilson and ex-Speaker Banks made set speeches. The main object of the Convention is to head off the opposition to Banks among the Republicans, to convince them that he is a genuine Republican and worthy of trust, and to secure his election as Governor of Massachusetts. The prominent errors we perceive in the speeches of Wilson and Banks are, that Massachusetts is the Union, and that present success is the Deity of their worship and the God of their salvation. Both Wilson and Banks hope some day to be President of these United States, and they possibly may reach the summit of their wishes, but they would find the West a hard road to travel if they stood on the same platform, as national candidates, that they do in Massachusetts. Mr. Wilson thought the sun of Freedom would set if Banks were defeated. It may be so; but we do not believe the sun of Freedom is so entirely dependent on N. P. Banks as Mr. Wilson supposes. In our judgment, Mr. Banks owes more to the cause of Freedom than the cause of Freedom owes to him. A great many Republicans out of Massachusetts, and a great many Republican editors, think the defeat of Mr. Banks would be a blessing to the Republican cause. And we are frank to say that we are of that number. Banks, Wilson, and their coadjutors, have nearly ruined the Republican cause in Massachusetts, and done it infinite mischief in other States. * * * The defeat of Banks now would give us hope of Massachusetts in 1860. But his election now, we fear, will be the grave of Republicanism in that State, for the next five years. We have no sympathy with the Banks Republicanism, and no desire for his success. If he were running in Wisconsin, we should not vote for him. If no candidate could be found who represented Republican principles, we should either make a ticket of our own or not vote at all."

ANTI-SLAVERY LABOURS IN NEW YORK.

PEN YAN, Yates Co., N. Y., Sept. 17, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

We are in the midst of a deeply interesting Convention in this place, held in the Wesleyan church. Though a severe rain storm has overtaken us, we have a good attendance, and spirited sessions were held this afternoon and evening. Opening remarks were made by your correspondent, setting forth the character and aims of the anti-slavery movement.

The Convention was then organized by appointing ABNER BRIDGEMAN, President; ISAAC W. HARTSHORN, Vice-President; and Mrs. —— CLEVELAND, Secretary. WM. WELLS BROWN then made interesting and eloquent remarks upon the need of greater zeal and earnestness in the cause of liberty among the masses.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY followed in a stirring appeal in behalf of the uncompromising principles which underlie the anti-slavery movement. Additional interesting remarks were made by Mr. Beebe, a young man (coloured), Jonathan Davis, a Quaker and a hearty advocate of the cause of the slave, and Rev. Mr. Bradford, the Wesleyan pastor.

Evening Session.—A. M. POWELL spoke at length in review of the position of the political parties, and their relation to slavery. S. B. Anthony, Rev. Mr. Bradford, W. W. Brown and others continued the consideration of the subject.

Thus far the Convention has been characterized by a lively interest on the part of those in attendance, such as is truly gratifying to us to behold.

Good meetings are anticipated to-morrow.

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Sept. 19.

The Penn Yan Convention closed at a late hour last evening, and I trust will have contributed largely to a revival and an increase of a permanent interest in uncompromising anti-slavery sentiment and action in that locality.

In the afternoon, Mr. BROWN spoke at length in support of the disunion doctrine, showing the great need of an immediate overthrow of the Slave Oligarchy, now embodied in the National Government.

Miss ANTHONY followed in an earnest rebuke of the American Tract Society, for its late monstrous and shockingly irreligious action in reference to slavery.

The discussion was continued till the hour of adjournment by Mr. Powell and others, and a good degree of interest manifested by those in attendance.

Evening and last Session.—The President, Mr. BRIDGEMAN, in the chair.

A considerable portion of the evening was occupied by A. M. POWELL, in a speech upon the religious aspects of the cause, in exposition of the Methodist, Presbyterian, Episcopal and other pro-slavery Churches, and advocating "No Union with Slaveholders," *religiously* or politically.

S. B. ANTHONY appealed to all to engage zealously and faithfully in the all-important work of revolutionizing public sentiment, both in Church and State, and, as individuals, to refuse to stand in allegiance with slaveholders, and concluded by soliciting subscriptions for THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD and *The Liberator*.

WM. WELLS BROWN made an eloquent closing speech, and at a late hour the Convention adjourned, *sine die*.

Mr. Brown is to remain in Penn Yan and lecture to-morrow evening, and on Monday evening give a Dramatic reading.

I am awaiting at this place the departure of the steamer on the Canandaigua Lake, on my way to fulfil appointments in the south part of this (Ontario) County.

Since my last from Elmira, we have held Conventions in Corning and Elmira, but, for want of time, I must defer any account of them until another letter. A. M. P.

THE *Independent* is accredited by thousands of honest and generally intelligent persons as a sound and reliable anti-slavery journal, and it really does publish much against slavery that is adapted to enlighten the public mind and exert a healthful moral influence; but it often stultifies itself and wounds the cause of freedom by recognising as Christians and Christian ministers the most inveterate and persistent champions of bondage—the very men, in fact, who have taken the lead in debauching the conscience and deadening the moral sense of the North, and thus preparing her to aid in the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave law and to submit unresistingly to all the demands of the Slave Oligarchy. There is not in all the South a more inveterate defender of slavery from the Bible than the Rev. Dr. Blagden, the pastor of the Old South Church in Boston. That Church lately selected a colleague for Dr. Blagden, and a Council was called to instal him. Prof. Park of Andover, an anti-slavery man after the fashion of *The Independent*, saw in the pro-slavery character of Dr. Blagden and the Church that sustains him no reason for refusing to officiate as the preacher for the occasion, and he accordingly delivered a sermon upon a standing topic of theology, containing not a word distasteful to the cotton piety of Boston. If Dr. Blagden, instead of defending slavery out of the Scriptures, had avowed the faith of Channing, would Prof. Park have consented to appear as preacher at the installation of his colleague? If he had done so, would not New England Orthodoxy have prepared for his head her heaviest bolts of indignation? Would he not have been charged with treachery to the Orthodox faith in giving countenance to a pernicious and damnable heresy? But Dr. Blagden and others like him, being sound upon all the points of the evangelical creed, are permitted to defend the atrocious system of slavery, torturing for that purpose the pages of Holy Writ, without endangering in the least their ecclesiastical standing. Prof. Park can sit in the same Council with Dr. Blagden and South-Side Adams, and *The Independent*, in speaking of its proceedings, can talk of the one as "the accomplished and beloved senior pastor" of the Old South, and of the performance of the other as showing "those fine points of intellectual and moral beauty which are the charm of his religious writings." This pious billing and cooing with the advocates of slavery by *The Independent* is eminently disgusting. How can we have any faith in the anti-slavery professions of a journal whose moral sense is so low that it accounts the open advocacy of slavery from the Scriptures as less revolting and less culpable than an error in theology?

THE *American Presbyterian*, published in Philadelphia, bears at its head the name of the Rev. Albert Barnes as an associate editor, and might on that account be expected to have some degree of sympathy with the anti-slavery cause; but its efforts are directed not to the expulsion of slavery from the Church, but to the suppression of all earnest agitation of the subject. Its spirit is manifested in the publication of the following item of intelligence:

"THE NORTH-WEST.—One of our ablest ministers in the North-West writes to one of the editors:

"'Our body in this region is not ultra on the slavery question. I do not think that subject will be seriously agitated again in the Assembly for years to come. Our people are growing tired of agitation, while they are unwilling to seem to be indifferent to the new heresy of the Calhoun school in the Southern Church. Several Old School Churches are now agitating the question of coming to us.'"

If the *American Presbyterian* were not utterly indifferent to the wrongs of the slaves, and more anxious to keep the Church free from excitement than to break their chains, it would not publish such an item as this without administering a rebuke to its unprincipled author.

PENNSYLVANIA ANNUAL MEETING.—The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Anti-Slavery Society is to be held this year in West Chester, on Friday and Saturday, the 23d and 24th of October. Wm. Lloyd Garrison is to be present; and as the time and place are such as to make it easily practicable, it is believed that others from New England, who may be intending to be at the Cleveland Convention, on the 28th and 29th, may also be at the meeting. The most direct as well as most pleasing route to Cleveland from the East is said to be through Philadelphia by the Williamsport and Elmira Railroad. West Chester is a beautiful town, the capital of the finest county in the State, and will present at the ensuing anniversary a collection of the choicest anti-slavery spirits in the country. Our advice to such of our New England friends as have never yet been at a Pennsylvania Convention would be to omit by no means this opportunity of enjoying that pleasure.

DR. HUMPHREY A COMEOUTER.—The Philadelphia *Christian Observer* informs us that the Rev. Heman Humphrey, D.D., formerly President of the Amherst College, lately withdrew from the Second Congregational Church in Pittsfield, Mass, because the pastor, the Rev. C. B. Boynton, preached against slavery in such a way as to shock his conservative feelings and convictions. The majority of the Church sustained Mr. Boynton, whereupon Dr. H., "that venerable and honoured servant of God," as the *Christian Observer* calls him, went off in a huff, taking a small party with him. It is consistent, of course, with the strictest conservatism to secede from an anti-slavery Church, but exceedingly fanatical and disorderly to withdraw from a pro-slavery one. Mr. Boynton behaved very unhandsomely towards us Garrisonians, some years since, in Cincinnati; but this example of the exorcising effect of his preaching is greatly to his credit.

STATEMENT OF COL. NETHERLAND.—In the Knoxville (Tenn) *Presbyterian Witness* of the 15th inst. we find a communication from Col. John Netherland, explaining and defending his conduct in connection with the punishment of the two slaves, whose case, as reported by the Rev. Mr. Sawyer, has excited so much indignation at the North. In accordance with the usual practice of the anti-slavery press in cases of this sort, we shall publish Col. Netherland's statement next week, when our readers will have opportunity to judge for themselves how far it contradicts as well as how far it confirms the statement of Mr. Sawyer.

THIRTY-SEVEN PERSONS POISONED.—A telegraphic despatch from Augusta, Ga., Sept. 20, says:

"On Sunday last, in Pike County, Alabama, thirty-seven persons were poisoned, six of whom are dead. A negro cook mixed arsenic with the food of the family at the instigation of a Hungarian named Coskina. Thomas Frazell, the overseer's wife, two children, Mrs. Claud and Frazell's grand-daughter are dead, and the others living are in a critical condition. The negro woman was burnt, and Coskina would undergo the same fate on the following Monday."

CORRECTION.—In condensing from *The Bugle* the proceedings of the Western Anti-Slavery Society, we inadvertently included a resolution introduced by Stephen S. Foster, but which the Society refused to pass. It stands last in the series and is numbered 10.

"HAND-BOOKS FOR HOME IMPROVEMENT."—Fowler & Wells, 308 Broadway, have lately published a series of books, under the above general inscription, of which we give the particular titles as follows:

No. 1. HOW TO WRITE: A Pocket Manual of Composition and Letter-Writing; embracing hints on penmanship and the choice of writing materials; practical rules for literary composition in general, and epistolary and newspaper writing and proof-correcting in particular; and directions for writing letters of business, relationship, friendship, and love, illustrated by numerous examples of genuine epistles, from the pens of the best writers. To which are added forms of letters of introduction, notes, cards, etc., and a collection of poetical quotations.

No. 2. HOW TO TALK: A Pocket Manual of Speaking, Conversation and Debating; with directions for acquiring a grammatical, easy and graceful style; embracing the origin of language; a condensed history of the English language; a practical exposition of the different parts of speech, and their modifications and arrangement in sentences; hints on pronunciation; the art of conversation; debating; reading; and books. With more than five hundred errors in speaking corrected.

No. 3. HOW TO BEHAVE: A Pocket Manual of Republican Etiquette, and Guide to Correct Personal Habits; embracing an exposition of the principles of good manners; useful hints on the care of the person, eating, drinking, exercise, habits, dress, self-culture, and behaviour at home; the etiquette of salutations, introductions, receptions, visits, dinners, evening parties, conversation, letters, presents, weddings, funerals, the street, the church, places of amusement, travelling, etc.; with illustrative anecdotes, a chapter on love and courtship, and rules of order for debating societies.

No. 4. HOW TO DO BUSINESS: A Pocket Manual of Practical Affairs, and Guide to Success in Life; embracing principles of business; advice in reference to a business education; choice of a pursuit; buying and selling; general management; manufacturing; mechanical trades; farming; book and newspaper publishing; miscellaneous enterprises; causes of success and failure; how to get customers; business maxims; letter to a young lawyer; business forms; legal and useful information; and a dictionary of commercial terms.

If there is not much that is original in these books, they certainly contain nearly all that is valuable in older treatises upon the same subjects, arranged according to a perspicuous method and adapted to the particular wants of American youth. It is impossible, of course, merely by the study of abstract and arbitrary rules, to learn how to write, talk, behave and do business, and there is always danger that such study will induce an artificiality of manners as different from true politeness as gold from pinchbeck. Nevertheless there is, in these little books much that we can heartily commend as calculated to lead the young to form right social habits, and, if they are used with discrimination, they cannot fail of doing good.

THE CHRISTIAN EXAMINER for September offers a very attractive table of contents, as follows:

I. RECENT PSYCHOLOGISTS.
II. BISHOP HOPKINS ON SLAVERY.
III. THE DOCTRINE OF CHRIST'S CREATORSHIP.
IV. THE DESTINY OF CHINA.
V. THE HOLY LAND.
VI. GUROWSKI'S AMERICA AND EUROPE.
VII. LIFE AND WORKS OF JOHN KITTO.
VIII. OUR FIRST FATHERS, AND THEIR FIRST CHILDREN.
IX. REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.
LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.
SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.
NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The review of Bishop Hopkins is a thorough and caustic refutation of the arguments of that Right Rev. "Father in God" in behalf of slavery. It is understood to be from the pen of the Rev. James Freeman Clarke. Gurowski's work is highly commended.

Summary.

A Home for Coloured Seamen, Africans, Lascars, Polynesians, has recently been built and furnished in London, at a cost of over $60,000.

It is stated that Richard Yeadon, Esq., of the Charleston *Courier*, has proceeded to the North for the purpose of having the remains of the Hon. Hugh S. Legare transferred from Boston to his native State, where a monument is to be erected to his memory.

LARGE EMANCIPATION.—Isaac N. Robertson, who lived in Charlotte County, Va., died on the 22d ult., and left a will emancipating about 75 slaves, and dividing his real estate and other property among them. Provision is made in the will for their removal to Liberia.—*The (Richmond) South.*

JUDGE CURTIS.—We have authentic explanation of Judge Curtis's resignation. He retires from the Supreme Bench simply because of the insufficiency of the salary, which he finds utterly inadequate to the support of his family. He proposes to return to the practice of his profession.—*Ibid.*

LYNCHING AN ABOLITIONIST.—A man named Snyder, from Indiana, accused of organizing an insurrection among the negroes, near Oxford, Mississippi, was arrested near that place last week, stripped and whipped, and then ordered to *vamose*. He had also, it was said, attempted a similar proceeding near Abbyville and Collage Hill, in the same State. More than one hundred negroes, it is stated, were in the plot, who were to murder the wealthy inhabitants, and then attempt to escape.

COL. TITUS IN THE CALABOOSE.—We have a special telegraphic despatch from St. Louis, giving the information that Col. Titus, late of Nicaragua, now claiming to be of Kansas, was calaboosed yesterday for shooting at the porter of the Planter's House. He is a vagrant of the meanest and most dangerous character, being a bully and a coward, and claiming, as a "soldier of fortune," special privileges regarding the persons and property of every man.—*Cin. Commercial.*

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL.—The *Southern Literary Messenger*, in some comments on a work upon which Mr. Thackeray, it is understood, is engaged, entitled "The Virginian," says it has reason to believe that this work will have no reference to the Virginia of our day, which Mr. Thackeray saw in part, on both his visits to America, but that it will be a sequel to the History of Colonel Esmond, in which the two sons of that personage will be represented as involved in the Revolutionary struggle, one a patriot and the other a loyalist. "Such a story," observes the *Messenger*, "would possess a vivid interest for readers in the United States, while, from the abundant sources of information at the author's command in the State paper office and the British Museum, as to the social aspects of the Virginia Colony, we should have a right to look for a picture of the grand old days of our grandfathers, of rare fidelity and value."

A MINISTER, EDITOR AND GENERAL IN ONE.—The Springfield *Nonpareil* says that the Rev. Mr. Boggs, editor of *The Expositor* of that city, was elected Brigadier-General of the Ohio Volunteers last Saturday. He must be a universal genius—equal to the showman who rides three horses at the same time.

THE HYPOCRITES.—The Turks and Mohamedans are shaming their "Christian" teachers. The American Board of Commissioners, at its late annual session in Providence, R. I., reported among its successes that "The Bible is freely sold everywhere by Turks and to Turks—even in the yard of St. Sophia's mosque." That is Christian propagandism abroad. At home, many of the churches which send these Bibles to the Turks give the whole weight of their influence to sustain laws which treat as crimes worthy of imprisonment and death the sale or gift of a Bible to any one of the four millions of our American heathen. The "woe" of the hypocrite rests upon them.—*A. S. Bugle.*

DEATH SENTENCE—A NEW LEGAL POSITION.—At Appomattox Court, a negro man, slave of Miss W. A. Jones, was found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hung. The prisoner's counsel moved an arrest of judgment, for reason that the Court had neither the power nor right, according to the fifth and sixth articles of the Constitution, to cause a person to answer a capital or otherwise infamous crime, unless first presented by a grand jury and then tried by a jury. The Court overruled the point and named the 22d of next October as the day on which the prisoner shall be hanged.—*The (Richmond) South.*

MORE COMFORT FOR GOVERNOR WALKER.—Gov. Brown, in a recent speech at Macon, responsive to an interrogatory as to whether he would vote to ratify the nomination of Walker as Governor of Kansas, declared emphatically, says the *Mississipian*, that he would not. Other Senators from the South are making similar declarations. The rejection of Walker by a Democratic Senate will be a deserved rebuke to the appointing power, since it has failed to recall him or vindicate, in some official manner, its disapproval of his acts.—*Mississippi Free Trader.*

A RELIC OF THE PAST.—Among the curiosities which the ladies of Worcester County have forwarded for exhibition at the Mechanics' Fair is an infant's blanket, wrought a hundred and forty years ago by the hands of the mother of Samuel Adams, of Revolutionary fame. It now belongs to a lady of Fitchburg, who is a descendant of the family, and it is known to be the identical blanket in which the infant limbs of that noble old patriot, "Samuel Adams," were wrapped when he was carried to church to be christened.—*Worcester Spy.*

MAKING A MAN A JUDGE TO REFORM HIM.—The Buffalo *Commercial Advertiser* recommends the appointment of Caleb Cushing to the vacancy of the bench of the Supreme Court. The *Advertiser* admits that his public course has been tortuous, but attributes it to an overruling ambition, and thinks that, once upon the Supreme bench, his ambition would be gratified, and he would have no further motive for anything but a straightforward conduct. This putting a man in the highest place to keep him out of mischief in an inferior one does not strike us as the best policy.—*Providence Journal.*

HAYING ON SUNDAY IN CANADA.—In the County Court, at Berlin, Waterloo County, Canada, Mr. Jacob Heepelers, of Preston, was complained of for setting his hands at work in a hay-field, on Sunday, 20th July. He was convicted and fined $40, but appealed. In the higher court the appeal came on last week, and the defence set up was that it had been raining every day for a week previous; that Sunday was a fine day, and the hay would have rotted if it had not been taken care of on that day. The jury, however, returned a verdict of guilty, and confirmed the fine of $40. The defendant appealed again to the Court of Queen's Bench.

SLAVERY VERSUS SALARY.—A novel lawsuit was recently tried at Cherryfield, Maine. It was brought by a minister of the Gospel, to recover from a prominent and wealthy citizen the amount of his subscription toward paying the former for his clerical services at a certain church. The defence to the suit was that when the clergyman was engaged it was upon the specific understanding that he was not to preach politics. This understanding, it was alleged, he had violated by pronouncing an anti-slavery discourse, and had thereby forfeited his claim to the amount which he, the defendant, had so conditionally subscribed toward his salary.

A BAPTIST DENTIST.—The Buffalo *Express* publishes the correspondence between an Ohio dentist and Rev. J. Hyatt Smith. The dentist says:

"I am a *Baptist Dentist*, and, not finding such employment as I could wish in this village, I would ask what are the chances of my profession in your growing and beautiful city."

Mr. Smith replied that there are as many dentists in Buffalo as can make a living, and concluded his brief letter:

"Permit me to add that I have carefully looked over the outlines of the Baptist faith, and have been unable to discover *tooth-pulling* therein.

"I remain yours, to serve, J. HYATT SMITH."

THE NEW BOSTON MAGAZINE.—It is announced that the first number of this new magazine will appear on the first of November next, under the title of *The Atlantic Monthly*. The name of the editor has not been made public; but it is understood that Mr. Phillips, the senior member of the firm of Phillips, Sampson & Co., who are to publish the magazine, will assume that post. A very attractive list of contributors is presented, among whom are Prescott, Emerson, Hawthorne, Motley, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Edmund Quincy, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Gaskell, Ruffini and Shirley Brooks. It is understood that the magazine will assume a decided position on the leading political questions of the day.—*Evening Post.*

THE SUPREME COURT.—The Washington correspondent of the Charleston *Mercury* remarks:

"It is probable that President Buchanan will, within his term of four years, have to nominate more than one member of the Supreme Court. Judge Curtis has resigned; Chief-Justice Taney is about eighty years old and infirm; Judge Daniel is far from promising life of many years; and Judge McLean is 73 years old, very rich, and tired of hard labour. It may not be pleasant to these gentlemen to have their end of life thus confidently predicted or alluded to, but they are great men, in great positions, and must be satisfied with the common fortune attendant thereupon."

A CONNOISSEUR IN ART.—A down-easter strayed into the Square in front of the City Hall, yesterday morning, and, planting his brogans firmly in front of the bronze statue of Franklin, looking upward to the benignant face of the old philosopher with apparent interest,

"What old fellow's likeness is that?" asked he of a bystander.

"That, sir, is a statue of Benjamin Franklin."

"Statew of Franklin, eh! wall I've read all about him. Putty good old fellow in his way. Never fit much in the revolushun, but was great on soft sodderin the French. But I say, yeou! How *darned yaller he was!*"—*Boston Herald.*

The Buffalo *Republic* assures the public that banks brokers and speculators, in that city, are in the habit of visiting mediums, and table-turning and spirit-rapping circles, and instead of attending to their legitimate calling, have been consulting spirits and consorting with hairy-faced men and strong-minded women. We have heard, it says, instances where spirits have been consulted prior to engaging in large speculative operations, which since have proved disastrous. Loans to large amounts have been made by banks and brokers at the suggestion and on the recommendation of spirits, railroad stocks have been purchased, and produce in large quantities bought on the advice of table-tipping mediums.

THE NEW HALL OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—The work on the new hall of the House of Representatives seems to be going forward with all possible despatch. The main floor is being graded for the reception of the seats and desks, and seats are being constructed in the galleries, while a large corps of ornamental painters are engaged upon the walls and doorways. It is the determination of Captain Meigs to have the hall ready for occupancy against the meeting of Congress, but it is thought that it will not be taken possession of by the House of Representatives before Spring, and probably not before the next session, as the warming apparatus and other appurtenances will have to be tested and adjusted, and various annoyances would necessarily arise from finishing up the work on the remainder of the building.

MARRIAGE OF A POET.—James Russell Lowell was married at Portland, yesterday forenoon, to Miss Frances Dunlap, niece of Ex-Governor Dunlap, of Portland. The ceremony took place at St. John's church, the impressive bridal service of the Episcopal Church being performed by Rev. Mr. Burgess, assisted by Rev. Mr. Lowell, brother of the bridegroom. The church was crowded with the beauty, wealth and fashion of Portland. Among the bridal *coterie* were a number of literary gentlemen of Boston and Cambridge. The bride was exquisitely attired. She was given away by her uncle, Gov. Dunlap. As the newly-married couple left the altar, "Hail Smiling Morn" was effectively performed as a voluntary on the organ. Altogether it is said to be the most brilliant wedding that has taken place in Portland for many years.

After a reception at the residence of the bride's mother, the party took the cars for Rye Beach, where they are to pass a few days.—*Boston Bee.*

ANECDOTE OF REVOLUTIONARY TIMES.

Three British Lieutenants, in frolic and glee,
Were roaming a planter's broad acres;
And they marvel at the *boors* who dared to be free,
And they laughed at the quiet old Quakers.

My Grandfather met them—a patriarch, drest
As simply as any old Roman—
And they whispered in triumph: "*Here* is food for our jest,
"Let us puzzle this ignorant yeoman!"

"O, Abraham!" "Isaac!" and "Jacob!" cried they,
In Latin, and French, and in German,
"Whence cometh my Lord? for his hair is all gray,
"And moist with the dews of Mount Hermon."

"From the hills of Judea," he answered in *Greek*,
"But surely thy servant is Sani;
"My father is Kish, and he sent me to seek
"For his asses; lo! *here are they all!*" ION.

New York, 1857.—*Evening Post.*

A NOVEL MARRIAGE CONTRACT.—The following marriage contract, says the Albany *Argus*, was drawn up and signed by the parties named in it, at Skaneateles, a few days since.

"This certifies that Mr. George W. Lewis and Miss Harriet Wheeler have united as conjugal mates; that they recognise no legal contract whatever; that they consider if man and woman be drawn together by proper affinity that they are truly married, that they live for each other, henceforward and forever, providing the affinity continues to exist. And if not—if that affinity which the God of nature designed to unite man and woman diminishes or ceases to exist—they hold themselves perfectly free and at liberty to separate, if they choose to do so; that they throw aside the legal contract altogether, knowing it to be a curse and a nuisance—believing it to be the means of burning out and destroying the very love and affinity that should unite all mankind in the conjugal relation. And in testimony of which we subscribe our names.

GEORGE W. LEWIS,
HARRIET WHEELER LEWIS.

"Signed in the presence of
Mrs. Mary Lewis, Mr. H. Lewis,
Mrs. E. S. Choat, Mr. E. L. Tyler,
Miss M. Josephine Choat."

A WHITE GIRL KIDNAPPED AND SOLD AS A SLAVE.—The New Orleans correspondent of the St. Louis *Leader* gives the following account of the kidnapping and sale of a white girl:

"One of the principal sensations in this vicinity since my last has been the flight of a young and beautiful girl, claiming to be white, from the domicil of a negro-trader in Carrollton, and her claiming protection from the authorities, at the prison of our adjoining parish. The case is one of the most mysterious that has occurred in a long time, and there seems little doubt on the minds of the public that a large amount of rascality is, as yet, lying quietly at the bottom of it. To all appearances, the girl is of pure Caucasian blood; which is what she asserts, and her story is, that she was left an orphan by the death of her parents in Kansas, and was placed in charge of a guardian. She says that the latter has been for some time in California, and that she was induced to leave Arkansas by the representation of a man, that he had received instructions from her guardian to bring her to New Orleans and send her on to him. It is a matter of fact that the man who brought the girl from Kansas sold her as a slave, and that she was purchased by a trader who placed her in a house in Carrollton. That he originally intended her for his own private purposes, there is little doubt, and it was after successfully resisting his first attempt to consummate his wishes that the girl took refuge in the parish prison of Jefferson. The trader, whose name is White, has published a card, stating that he purchased a girl in good faith from a man named Halliburton, but that he is not disposed to throw any obstructions in the way of her obtaining her freedom if she is entitled to it. The matter has not been brought before any legal tribunal, and I am inclined to believe that such a step is not strongly desired by certain parties interested in it. Taking all the circumstances into consideration, I am not inclined to place implicit faith in the statements of the girl, and yet they may be religiously true. As I said before, there is a mystery about the transaction that renders it peculiarly interesting. The youth and beauty of the girl enlist the sympathies of all who see her and hear her story; and if she has been wronged, every effort will be made to right her."

If the beautiful young girl happens to have a tinge of negro blood in her veins, the *Leader* and Sham Democrats generally will consider this sympathy all wasted.

ONE CAUSE OF OUR INDIAN TROUBLES.—It is well known by the settlers on our northern frontier that whisky is at the bottom of most of the difficulties that have occurred among the Chippewas, and that the acts of the drunken Indians who murdered the German pedlar, who drove Mr. Breck from the mission at Leech Lake, and who are engaged in frequent quarrels among themselves and depredations upon the whites, are not countenanced by the Chippewa Chief, Hole-in-the-dawn, or by the Chippewa nation at large. Indians will drink to intoxication as often as they get a chance, and a drunken savage is a dangerous animal. The statutes of Minnesota make it a penitentiary offence to furnish liquor to Indians.

Notwithstanding there are white men who make money by selling them whiskey, receiving a high price therefor, paid in the gold which the Indians receive in annuities.

At the late payment there was a general drunken scene at its conclusion. "Only two or three Indians were killed," and one white man stabbed. Two or three more Indians were reported killed a short time afterwards, and the days of the payment were described by a man who was present, as having passed "very pleasantly and agreeably," although "from four to seven were killed."—*St. Paul Advertiser.*

WOMEN IN KANSAS.—Mrs. Susan E. Wattles, of Lawrence, Kansas, invites her sisters in the States to come to Kansas and "take claims, and make themselves independent." She speaks of three young women who have pre-empted claims, one of whom has paid for her claim and received the requisite papers from the Land-office. Few women, however, will be likely to accept this sisterly invitation, and those few must be emphatically "strong-minded." A capital of four or five hundred dollars is necessary, at the outset, to pay for a claim, erect a cabin, furnish it, fence in planting ground, &c. The sale of a quarter to a half of the claim (160 acres) would refund this money, however, according to Mrs. Wattles, and leave the fair pre-emptor with an independent home. But then neighbours may be half a mile or more distant, fever and ague will vary the monotony, and society and religious worship will be luxuries to be obtained only in the principal settlements. However Mrs. Wattles may look upon such a prospect, women in general, even the poorest, would hardly seek "independence" at the sacrifice of those comforts and appliances of civilization so essential to woman's happiness. Young men who are out of employment are the right persons for such "lifs on the border," and would find health, competence and independence by the cultivation of a "quarter lot" almost anywhere in Kansas.

FREE LABOUR IN VIRGINIA.—The Wheeling *Intelligencer* and Wellsburg *Herald* are vigorously and ably pushing forward the free-labour cause in Western Virginia. The *Intelligencer* has published a series of articles showing the policy of introducing white labour. The *Herald* says:

"The *Intelligencer* is now doing more for the material advancement of the State than all the political journals combined, and, in the certainty of reaping the fruits in a very few years, may well despise the 'vatican thunders and bulls of excommunication daily hurled by the Richmond press.' His doctrines are bound to prevail, at least so long as the dignity of white labour and consequent prosperity of Western Virginia are concerned."

Speaking of the anti-slavery movement in Missouri, the *Herald* says:

"A similar state of feeling may spring up any day in Western Virginia; and when it once starts it will grow with the increase of an avalanche, every successive movement giving it weight and momentum. The popular mind is ripening for such a movement. The parallel is a fair one between St. Louis and Missouri, and Wheeling and Western Virginia. Missouri is destined to be a free State, and, however improbable the assertion or unpalatable the fact, it is morally certain that Virginia, intensely slaveholding as she appears now, will follow in her wake or split, sooner or later."

A SLAVE-PEN IN OUR MIDST.—However startling it may sound, it is nevertheless true. President Buchanan has informed the world over his own signature that slavery lives, moves and has its being, in and by virtue of the Constitution of the United States. So that it invariably follows that wherever the flag of the Union waves authoritatively there slavery exists and is protected by the strong arm of the Government. Soon, we are informed, the flag of the United States will wave from the battlements of the marble buildings now near completion in this city, belonging to the Government, and located on Government territory. Are we wrong then in saying that there is or will be a slave-pen in our midst? for is it not true that, under this modern interpretation of the Constitution, slavery can exist as fully, completely, and legally under the roof of that building as under the sky of South Carolina? What is to prevent the Postmaster, the Collector, the District-Attorney, the Judge and all others who have their place there from carrying their principles into practice, and owning their servants in the building? And what is to prevent them moreover from bringing the Fugitive Slave law into requisition, and compelling all "good citizens" to turn out and hunt their slaves every time they step beyond the bounds of the United States property. Not the State laws; for the same men have told us, time and again, that no State authority can nullify the law or the Constitution of the United States.

Whether these functionaries will choose to avail themselves of the tempting advantages thus held out by the Constitution we know not; but that the principle is laid down as we state cannot be doubted, and that it will lead to the gradual spread of slavery over the whole country into every State of the Union cannot be doubted.—*Wisconsin Free Democrat.*

"POOR WHITE TRASH."—Mr. William Gregg, of Charleston, in an address delivered before the South Carolina Institution in 1851, puts down the white people of that State "who ought to work, but do not, and are wholly unproductive, at 125,000," out of a white population of 274,563! "Any man," Mr. Gregg goes on to say, "who is an observer of things, can hardly travel through this country without being struck by the fact that all the capital, enterprise and intelligence are employed in directing slave-labour, and the consequence is, that a large portion of our poor white citizens are wholly neglected, and while away existence in a state but one step in advance of the Indian of the forest."

The same gentleman states that three-fourths of the adults assembled by him at Grantville were unable to read or to write their names, and were glad to be employed at one-half the compensation of such operatives at the North.

He adds a fact which reminds us rather of Ireland during the famine, or the poorest agricultural counties of England before the repeal of the Corn Laws, than of an American State: "Many a one is reared in proud South Carolina who has never passed a month in which he has not, some part of the time, been stinted for meat."

Similar testimony to the condition of the free whites of South Carolina is borne by Mr. Taylor, of that State, in *De Bow's Review*, while Mr. Lumpkin, of Georgia, in 1852, found it necessary to bewail the state of the "poor, degraded, half-fed, half-clothed, ignorant population" of that State; and Mr. Clingman, of North Carolina, declared that labour there is nearly "one hundred per cent. cheaper" than in the North. In the face of these "respectable" testimonies (for which we are indebted to a Southern writer, Mr. Helper, of North Carolina, from whose work, on the "Impending Crisis of the South," we have borrowed them), our cotemporary of the *Standard* cannot surely refuse to allow that we have some show of reason on our side when we decline to admit the reality of those advantages to the population at large, which he claims to be inherent in the institution of slavery.—*N. Y. Times.*

THE SLAVE DEMOCRACY OF OHIO would seem to be labouring under a concern of mind with regard to amalgamation, which we trust will not be without some practical results. Here is an extract from the recent Address of their State Committee:

"The Committee believe that upon the success of the Democratic party the preservation of our race pure and intact in Ohio mainly depends. They proclaim, once and for all, their unalterable conviction in the gradation of races. The white race of people in the United States, like the ancient Romans and the English, the offspring of the most intellectual, energetic, persevering and warlike varieties of the Caucasian people, is believed to be the highest type of man yet developed on the globe. The crafty and savage tribes of this continent withered at its near approach, by reason of some mysterious agency never explained, but never by any barbarians long withstood. It supplanted the French in all their vast possessions below the Great Lakes. It ejected the former occupants of the northern and western shores of the Gulf of Mexico. It appropriated the coast of the Pacific from the thirty-second to the forty-ninth degree of north latitude. It has reduced to its dominion all the intermediate territory between the first early settlements at Plymouth, and on the banks of James River, and the distant regions where the waters of the Oregon mingle with the sea; and, beating back, all over the continent, the mongrel descendants of the degenerate Spaniard, the Indian and the negro, it marches on the broad path of empire, reaching from shore to shore of both oceans, with thundering tread. To keep this great superior race unmixed with the African in Ohio is an imperative duty you owe to mankind at large, as well as to yourselves and your immediate descendants."

—Men are not apt to admonish and warn each other against any but besetting sins. If the Democrats of Ohio are in earnest in their avowed anxiety to "keep this great superior race unmixed with the African," we heartily wish them success in the effort. Let us hope that the self-denial involved will be cheerfully borne in view of the magnitude and importance of the end contemplated.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE LECTURE SEASON.—The following persons have made arrangements to deliver public lectures during the coming season. This list will doubtless receive additions from time to time, of which our readers will be duly informed.

Alcott, A. Bronson, Walpole, N. H.
Beecher, the Rev. Henry Ward, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Beecher, the Rev. Charles, Galesburg, Ill.
Beecher, the Rev. Thomas K., Elmira, N. Y.
Brown, Antoinette L. (Blackwell), Newark, N. J.
Brown, James G. B., Newburgh, N. Y.
Benjamin, Park, New York city.
Balch, the Rev. William S., New York City.
Burleigh, William H., New York City.
Buchanan, Dr. J. R., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Chapin, the Rev. E. H., New York City.
Cook, Clarence, Newburgh, N. Y.
Coggeshall, W. T., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Curtis, George W., New York City.
Douglass, Frederick, Rochester, N. Y.
Elder, Dr. William, Philadelphia, Pa.
Emerson, Ralph Waldo, Concord. Mass.
Frothingham, the Rev. O. B., Jersey City, N. J.
Farnham, Mrs. Eliza W., New York City.
Fowler, Professor John W., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Fowler, Professor Henry, Rochester, N. Y.
Goddard, William, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Godwin, Parke, Roslyn, Long Island.
Giles, the Rev. Henry, Bucksport, Maine.
Higginson, the Rev. Thomas W., Worcester, Mass.
Hopkins, the Right Rev. Bishop John H., Burlington, Vt.
Holland, Dr. Williams, Springfield, Mass.
Hosmer, William H

Miscellaneous Department.

THE CONQUEROR'S GRAVE.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Within this lowly grave a conqueror lies,
And yet the monument proclaims it not,
Nor round the sleeper's name hath chisel wrought
The emblems of a fame that never dies;
Ivy and amaranth in a graceful sheaf,
Twined with the laurel's fair imperial leaf.
A simple name alone,
To the great world unknown,
Is graven here, and wild flowers, rising round,
Meek meadow-sweet and violets of the ground,
Lean lovingly against the humble stone.

Here in the quiet earth they laid apart
No man of iron mould and bloody hands,
Who sought to wreak upon the cowering lands
The passions that consumed his restless heart;
But one of tender spirit and delicate frame,
Gentlest in men and mind,
Of gentle womankind,
Timidly shrinking from the breath of blame;
One in whose eye the smile of kindness made
Its haunt, like flowers by sunny brooks in May,
Yet at the thought of others' pain, a shade
Of sweeter sadness chased the smile away.

Nor deem that when the hand which moulders here
Was raised in menace, realms were chilled with fear,
And armies mustered at the sign, as when
Clouds rise on clouds before the rainy East—
Gray captains leading bands of veteran men,
And fiery youths, to be the vulture's feast;
Not thus were waged the mighty wars that gave
The victory to her who fills this grave:
Alone Ler task was wrought,
Alone the battle fought.
Through that long strife her constant hope was staid
On God alone, nor looked for other aid.

She met the hosts of sorrow with a look
That altered not beneath the frown they wore,
And soon the lowering brood were tamed, and took
Meekly her gentle rule, and frowned no more.
Her soft hand put aside the assaults of wrath,
And calmly broke in twain
The fiery shafts of pain,
And rent the nets of passion from her path.
By that victorious hand despair was slain.
With love she vanquished hate, and overcame
Evil with good, in her great Master's name.

Her glory is not of this shadowy state,
Glory that with the fleeting season dies;
But when she entered at the sapphire gate,
What joy was radiant in celestial eyes!
How heaven's bright depths with sounding welcomes rung,
And flowers of heaven by shining hands were flung!
And He who, long before,
Pain, scorn and sorrow bore,
The Mighty Sufferer with aspect sweet,
Smiled on the timid stranger from His seat;
He who, returning glorious, from the grave,
Dragged Death, disarmed, in chains, a crouching slave.

See, as I linger here, the sun grows low;
Cool airs are murmuring that the night is near.
Oh, gentle sleeper, from thy grave I go
Consoled though sad, in hope and yet in fear.
Brief is the time, I know,
The warfare scarce begun;
Yet all may win the triumphs thou hast won.
Still flows the fount whose waters strengthened thee;
The victors' names are yet too few to fill
Heaven's mighty roll; the glorious armory,
That ministered to thee, is open still.

THE SELF-MADE POTIER.

"M. Babinet," say the annals of the French Institute, in the report of the session of the Academy of Sciences of the twenty-third of March last, "presented in the name of M. Pull some specimens of Delft-ware imitating those of Bernard Palissy, and worthy of attracting attention by the fineness and hardness of the earths employed, as by the perfection of the figures of animals which adorn them. All the parts which are in relief above are hollow beneath, giving great lightness to these products, which are, notwithstanding, remarkably solid."

La Revue des Beaux Arts of the first of June last admires the dishes in the mediæval style made by M. Pull, and praises the little figures upon them representing fish, reptiles, crustaceans, and vegetables, moulded after nature, and imitating the movements and colours of life—for the solidity and lightness of the paste, the elegance and finish of the modelling, and the brilliancy and hardness of the enamel.

M. Pull, who is not literate, has dictated the following autobiography.

My name is George Pull; I was born at Wissembourg, in the department of the lower Rhine, upon the tenth of May, eighteen hundred and ten. My father followed in that town the trade of a locksmith. Without being able to lay by anything, he knew how to find in his labour and his economical habits the means of maintaining his family honourably; but he never had the pretension, which, besides, his resources would scarcely have permitted, of making me greater than himself by a more brilliant education. He did well, for in my young years I did not give signs of any predilection for the studies which demand head-work; and it was with great difficulty I succeeded in comprehending and retaining the little they tried to teach me. My intelligence was completely asleep in regard to questions of science, but in regard to handiwork—the knack of reproducing, counterfeiting, imitating, the form, the figure of the first object which came to hand—my intelligence awoke instantly; she came out of her ordinary lair (gîte), and came and placed herself entirely at the end of my ten fingers. Inspiration, ideas, everything then came to me at once: I fashioned, I manipulated many baubles and little figures; those who prided themselves upon their taste or their knowledge did me the honour to call them all their master-pieces. I very often heard them say, in their admiration, "If George had masters, he would go far." I often expressed a wish to learn drawing, but they could not pay for the lessons of a master. It was thus, it may be said, having learned nothing, without a fixed plan, only feeling within me a decided taste for sculpture, a very decided one for working with my fingers—an inclination which, unhappily, did not receive any help—I saw my young years pass without taking to any occupation, and without learning any trade. That inaction was not at all the wish of my father; he complained of it, and was even uneasy about it. More by necessity than enthusiasm, I engaged myself, at the age of twenty, as a military musician in the Eighth regiment of Light Infantry, which was then in garrison at Wissembourg. As I had received some lessons in instrumental music, I obtained easily the appointment of second cor d'harmonie.

The life of a soldier was scarcely of a nature likely to give an impulse to my intelligence—she slept always; only I had within me a vague feeling of some unknown thing for which I searched. What, I would then have been much embarrassed to say. But already at Wissembourg I had something like a forerunner—like a slight indication of the awakening of my ideas.

When walking in the country, if I saw the terrace-makers occupied in hollowing the earth, a feeling of curiosity—or, to say it better, an instinct of which I took no heed—pushed me to examine the heaps of earth of different kinds and aspects; I took morsels in my hand, I picked out grains, I crumbled them in my fingers. I would then have given two months' pay to any man who would have explained to me the nature and properties of these different sorts of earth and clay; but the terrace-makers never have been members of the Academy of Sciences.

After the revolution of July, the Eighth light regiment quitted Wissembourg, and went into garrison in Paris. It was the first time I saw the capital. One day, my longings brought me before the windows of a marine store—un marchand de bric-à-brac. In the midst of the curiosities, of the strange objects displayed in that shop, I saw only, I remarked but one thing—a superb enamelled dish with figures of animals and plants in relief. Something like a dazzling seized at once my eyes and my intelligence. Twenty times I was tempted to enter the shop to be near, to touch, to handle, that marvellous work, to question the dealer respecting the price, the value of the thing, the name of the man who had made it. But I did not dare. They would have laughed at the amateur in red pantaloons and a police cap. That never was the costume of the antiquary. During eight days I returned and stationed myself before the shop of this dealer, absorbed in my reflections. I did not stop there. I went in search of all the bric-à-brac or odds and ends' shops in Paris. What was then my joy when I succeeded in discovering—here an ewer with its basin, there a baptistery; with this one a plate, with that one a salt-cellar, a candlestick, or any other utensil of the table—all objects elegant in form, brilliant in tone, and rich in tasteful ornaments. Unable to resist any longer the desire of instructing myself, I finally decided upon questioning the dealers, and learned that all these marvels were called Bernard Palissy's. To see them, to admire them was the thought of all my days, the dream of all my nights. Isolating myself from my comrades, I passed all my time in contemplation before my dear enamels. Thus time passed until my regiment quitted Paris to make the campaigns of eighteen hundred and thirty-one and eighteen hundred and thirty-two. After the capitulation of the citadel of Anvers, I went to Lille; thence from garrison to garrison, and from cantonment to cantonment; but, always thinking of my dear enamels, I reached the time when, my engagement having expired, I quitted the service. We were in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

I returned to my native town, but ennui seized me, and the desire to see again the Bernard Palissy specimens soon brought me to Paris. As I have already said, I had not learned any trade, and yet I must work to live. I sought for a place, for any employment whatever, and I did not find it. Want forced me to go to Havre, where I received an offer of employment in the wine trade. My stay in that town was of short duration. As at Wissembourg, ennui sized me, and I returned to Paris, resolved never to quit it. I then entered as errand-boy the office of M. Guerin, proprietor and director of the Gazette Médicale. That place leaving me some leisure time, I took the firm resolution to make it useful.

Nevertheless, prior to beginning anything, I sat myself to reflect seriously, and to interrogate myself. I now felt that a small degree of fixity had succeeded to the vagueness of the ideas in my mind. For a long time had I searched without knowing very well what I sought; already some morsels of clay crumbled in my fingers had given me a forewarning, and then the blossoming of my intelligence at the sight of the works of Bernard Palissy had given me a presentiment of the unknown which perplexed my thoughts. At least, I thus began to comprehend it, but all that was only a feeble germ. To produce itself, it must first ferment still longer in my head. An idea then occurred to me, without doubt as a step towards the great work which I should afterwards have the temerity to undertake; I recollect that my intelligence was never more alert than when she went and placed herself at the tips of my ten fingers, and I took measures to cut out work for her.

I bought a few dead birds and I stuffed them; my attempt succeeded. I took a taste for it. I studied anatomy and a little natural history, and at the end of a certain time I had made a varied collection of nearly four hundred birds. They advised me to take a shop and establish myself; this was in eighteen hundred and forty-one. I met, by chance, an old comrade who had a booth in the Place du Carousel, where he was not thriving in his business. He let it to me, and I left M. Jules Guerin and opened shop. My collection of birds was sold in a twinkling, and promptly replaced. My trade prospered, and I began to acquire a certain reputation for ability. Every Monday fifteen or twenty specimens were brought to me from the country to be stuffed. High personages visited more than once my little cabinet of natural history. The Prince de Joinville came often, incognito, into my shop, inquired the prices without bargaining, and immediately after sent a footman to buy different things. When the Prince shot any birds of importance, he ordered them to be carried to Pull to be mounted. I have still the foot of a stag which I ought to have prepared to form a bell-rope handle. I was in vogue. I married in eighteen hundred and forty-four. In eighteen hundred and fifty-one, orders were issued to remove all the booths from the Place Du Carousel, and I opened in the Rue de Seine a large magazine of birds, stuffed animals, antiquities, curiosities, and Delft-wares.

The prosperity of my business, by inspiring me with confidence in myself, gave the last step to my ideas. When I recollected the progress I had made and the knowledge I had acquired; when I reflected that without having a notion of anatomy or natural history I had tried an industry of which I was practically and entirely ignorant, and that, nevertheless, I had succeeded; boldness came to me by little and little. I said to myself, "The hand which can give the look of life to these charming little dead birds, could it not knead, mould or model little rustic figures, and give them the gestures and the colours of life?" This thought warmed and boiled in my head. From the time when it was in fusion nothing could prevent the explosion, and at length the day came when I dared to believe in the possibility of imitating the works of the master. From this time my resolution was firm and unshaken. Prior to commencing experiments, I resolved to make every imaginable sacrifice, and even to deprive myself of necessaries to attain my object. The date of this epoch was eighteen hundred and forty-two.

What would be the use of telling all my trials and attempts, and above all my disappointments? They were innumerable, or, what is more exact, they were all the result I had of all my days of labour in these first apprentice times. They are easily understood. It was out of Paris, in the provinces, and in a secluded spot, that I made my first batches, because I wished my experiments to be surrounded with the greatest mystery. I remained there some times fifteen days, and sometimes six weeks. At home, in Paris, I began studying the argillaceous earths, to find out the secret of the enamels, but like a man groping in the dark. I pounded all the materials which I supposed likely to be useful to my projects; I mixed them at random, but took care to note down the substances and the doses employed. Some of my specimens came out of the fire imperfectly cooked, and others of them burned. I made nothing of the least value. I did not know what to do, and had always to begin again. I consulted the works of Bernard Palissy, reading and re-reading them until I had them almost by heart, but they did not guide me, for I could not as yet understand anything in them, they are so full of hidden meanings. It is only now that the light has broken upon me, and I understand them perfectly. Thus I employed several years searching for the unknown, paying to human infirmity my tribute of moments of discouragement; and sometimes I caught myself doubting if I were in my senses. In the eyes of my friends and acquaintances I passed for a visionary; and my wife was told continually that poor Pull had gone crack. But these hours of doubt and discouragement were of short duration; and, as Bernard Palissy said of himself, "the hope which I had made me proceed in my business more manfully than ever."

After so many researches, attempts and mishaps, although I had not produced anything which in the least satisfied me, and although I had not as yet found the last word of my art, an inward voice seemed to tell me that I had found my clay and my enamel, and the only thing wanting was a good method of baking them. While making all my preparations, and taking all my precautions, judging from the state of my head, I seemed to be mad or becoming it. But when I saw the earth coming out of the fire clothed in a brilliant enamel and lively colours, when I saw running lizards, swimming fishes, leaping frogs, budding plants, growing grass, upon my dishes, I thought my eyes were deceiving me. Not that I had obtained a complete success, which is not reached at the first throw, but from having obtained a result which announced to me what I should accomplish when I could give myself entirely up to the fabrication of my dear potteries. I sold my collection of birds and my store of antiquities, and established myself, in April, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, at Vaugirard.

Ever since I have tried to improve my productions, to acquire more perfect models, and the science and harmony of colours. Moreover, when I had dared to believe that my work might be accepted as a happy continuation of the admirable Delfts of the master, when I thought it was admitted that I had re discovered an art entirely lost, I submitted my productions with confidence to men of eminence in the arts, and subsequently to the public. Their judgment has been very favourable to me, and I have found in it my recompense for long and painful years of labour. With regard to publishing my mode of manufacture, I must upon this point also follow the example of my celebrated predecessor. His work is full of reservations; I also ought to have mine; and I say—

"After meditating and struggling unceasingly, after fatiguing body and mind, solving problems patiently, the destiny of the potter of Saintes, who carried with him to the tomb the practice of his best discoveries, one has a good right certainly not to vulgarize the secret of his processes—not to throw to the wind of publicity the fruit of his pains; a man is quite free to bury his treasures with himself."

Brilliant propositions have been made to me to carry my industry abroad; but I cling to my country, and shall not emigrate.—*Household Words.*

FOSSIL INSECTS.

Though it may at first seem a little out of place, let us anticipate here, for the sake of the illustration which it affords, one of the sections of the other great division of our subject—that which treats of the fossil animals. Let us run briefly over the geological history of insects, in order that we may mark the peculiar light which it casts on the character of the ancient floras. No insects have yet been detected in the Silurian or Old Red Sandstone Systems. They first appeared amid the hard, dry, flowerless vegetation of the Coal Measures, and in general suited to its character. Among these the scorpions take a prominent place—carnivorous arachnidæ of ill repute, that live under stones and fallen trunks, and seize fast with their nippers upon the creatures on which they prey, crustaceans usually, such as the wood-louse; or insects, such as the earth-beetles and their grubs. With the scorpions there occur cockroaches of types not at all unlike the existing ones, and that, judging from their appearance, must have been foul feeders, to which scarce anything could have come amiss as food. Books, manuscripts, leather, ink, oil, meat, even the bodies of the dead, are devoured indiscriminately by the recent *Blatta gigantea* of the warmer parts of the globe—one of the most disagreeable pests of the European settler, or of war vessels on foreign stations. I have among my books an age-embrowned copy of Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany," that had been carried into foreign parts by a musical relation, after it had seen hard service at home, and had become smoke dried and black; and yet even it, though but little tempting, as might be thought, was not safe from the cockroaches; for, finding it left open one day, they ate out in half an hour half its table of contents, consisting of several leaves. Assuredly, if the ancient *Blattæ* were as little nice in their eating as the devourers of the "Tea Table Miscellany," they would not have lacked food amid even the unproductive flora and meager fauna of the Coal Measures. With these ancient cockroaches a few locusts and beetles have been found associated, together with a small *Tinea*—a creature allied to the common clothes-moth, and a *Phasmia*—a creature related to the spectre insects. But the group is an inconsiderable one; for insects seem to have occupied no very conspicuous place in the carboniferous fauna. The beetles appear to have been of the wood and seed devouring kinds, and would probably have found their food among the conifers; the *Phasmidæ* and grasshopper would have lived on the tender shoots of the less rigid plants their cotemporaries; the *Tinea*, probably on ligneous or cotton fibre. Not a single insect has the system yet produced of the now numerous kinds that seek their food among flowers. In the Oolitic ages, however, insects become greatly more numerous—so numerous that they seem to have formed almost exclusively the food of the earliest mammals, and apparently also of some of the flying reptiles of the time. The magnificent dragon-flies, the carnivorous tyrants of their race, were abundant; and we now know that while they were, as their name indicates, dragons to the weaker insects, they themselves were devoured by dragons as truly such as were ever yet feigned by romancer of the middle ages. Ants were also common, with crickets, grasshoppers, bugs both of land and water, beetles, two-winged flies, and, in species distinct from the preceding carboniferous ones, the disgusting cockroaches. And for the first time amid the remains of a flora that seems to have had its few flowers—though flowers could have formed no conspicuous feature in even an Oolitic landscape—we detect, in a few broken fragments of the wings of butterflies, decided trace of the flower-sucking insects. Not, however, until we enter into the great Tertiary division do these become numerous. The first bee makes its appearance in the amber of the Eocene, locked up hermetically in its gem-like tomb—an embalmed corpse in a crystal coffin—along with fragments of flower-bearing herbs and trees. The first of the Bombycidæ too—insects that may be seen suspended over flowers by the scarce visible vibrations of their wings, sucking the honied juices by means of their long, slender trunks—also appear in the amber, associated with moths, butterflies, and a few caterpillars. Bees and butterflies are present in increased proportions in the latter Tertiary deposits; but not until that terminal creation to which we ourselves belong was ushered on the scene did they receive their fullest development. There is exquisite poetry in Wordsworth's reference to "the soft murmur of the vagrant bee,"

> "A slender sound, yet hoary Time
> Doth to the soul exalt it with the chime
> Of all his years; a company
> Of ages coming, ages gone,
> Nations from before them sweeping."

And yet, mayhap, the naked scientific facts of the history of this busy insect are scarcely less poetic than the pleasing imagination of the poet regarding it. They tell that man's world, with all its griefs and troubles, is more emphatically a world of flowers than any of the creations that preceded it; and that as one great family—the grasses—were called into existence, in order, apparently, that he might enter in favouring circumstances upon his two earliest avocations, and be in good hope a keeper of herds and a tiller of the ground; and as another family of plants—the Rosaceæ—was created in order that the gardens which it would be also one of his vocations to keep and to dress should have their trees "good for food and pleasant to the taste"; so flowers in general were profusely produced just ere he appeared, to minister to that sense of beauty which distinguishes him from all the lower creatures, and to which he owes not a few of his most exquisite enjoyments. The poet accepted the bee as a sign of high significance; the geologist also accepts her as a sign. Her entombed remains testify to the gradual fitting up of our earth as a place of habitation for a creature destined to seek delight for the mind and the eye as certainly as for the grosser senses, and in especial marks the introduction of the stately forest trees, and the arrival of the delicious flowers. And,

> "Thus in their stations lifting toward the sky
> The foliaged head in cloud-like majesty,
> The shadow-casting race of trees survive:
> Thus in the train of Spring arrive
> Sweet flowers: what living eye hath viewed
> Their myriads? endlessly renewed
> Wherever strikes the sun's glad ray,
> Where'er the subtle waters stray,
> Wherever sportive zephyrs bend
> Their course, or genial showers descend."

—*Testimony of the Rocks.*

FRENCH GIRLS AND THEIR MOTHERS.

From The Crayon for September.

We believe that the excessive restraints put upon young girls in France, as well as the excessive liberty given to young girls here, are both susceptible of advantageous modification. Considering the restraint in France as proceeding from a lack of, and the excessive liberty here from an exuberance of confidence, there is undoubtedly more abstract moral beauty in the latter. But, on the other hand, the restraint in France, whenever it takes its source in purer motives, seems to be more in harmony with the peculiar sphere of extreme youth. One great advantage growing out of it in France is the social preponderance which it gives to married ladies; to ladies who bring their more mature age and riper experience to bear upon the social atmosphere; which consequently assumes a more dignified, more intellectual aspect, drawing within its circles the choicest specimens of humanity; while, wherever a different *regime* prevails, men of enlarged culture, and women of fine mental and social aspirations, busy themselves in the exclusiveness of domestic life, and desert a society which, being ruled by boys and girls, offers no particular attraction for those who seek in social circles more than the mere gratification of gymnastic exercises like dancing, and the interchange of superficial sentiments. In this sense more real homage is paid to woman in France than even in our woman-worshipping country, since physical display, the mere animal buoyancy inherent in all female youth, is not the all-despotizing controller of society; and since womanhood is duly honoured and respected, albeit years may have impaired her outward charms, and although marriage may have put her beyond the calculating aspirations of Benedicts and Lotharios. This not only elevates the tone of French society, but also relieves it from the odious nightmare of calculation, which, in societies controlled by young unmarried people, throws a wretched halo of moneyed selfishness over it, by engendering suspicions that a gentleman approaches a lady for the purpose of matrimony or engagement.

This material principle strips the social intercourse between ladies and gentlemen of much of its generous spontaneity; the sense of humanity is apt to be crushed out; man ceases to be man—he is either courted as a profitable suitor or is put on the ban as an unprofitable acquaintance. On the other hand, it is with women as with actors, only a few stars are noticed; the rest, unless possessed of great wealth, are put on the shelf of man's thought, while the young girls are left to have fine times with the young boys. There may be some good elements in a state of society established upon such precocious and unreasonable principles, as we may have opportunity to show on some other occasion. But at present we are only desirous to eliminate from the French social code those elements which, in our humble opinion, do more ample justice to women of every age.

The gratifying result of this more harmonious arrangement is not only palpable in the more elevated tone of society, but it also reacts powerfully upon the character and, what is still more important, upon the domestic position of the French woman. The greater social preponderance of the French mother and the French wife gives her more weight and character with her children and husband. How can a young lady listen respectfully to the admonition of her mother where the sense of social insignificance of that mother comes daily home to the daughter's mind? What mental and moral influence can a wife exercise over her husband when the husband realizes every day that away from the hearthstone the wife is a mere cypher? In France the mother preserves her moral and intellectual supremacy over the daughter, and the daughter cherishes reverential feelings of regard for the mother's judgment by the dignity and authority which the mother derives from her social influence. In the same manner the matrimonial relation is benefited by this influence. A truly high-minded husband loves to see his wife surrounded with social influence and pure homage, and thus to her other claims upon his affection and solicitude is added that of a respected member of society. This feature practically influences the mind of the French husband to a greater degree, perhaps, than other claims of a more sentimental nature.

FOSSIL PLANTS.

The oak, the birch, the hazel, the Scotch fir, all lived, I repeat, in what is now Britain, ere the last great depression of the land. The gigantic northern elephant and rhinoceros, extinct for untold ages, forced their way through their tangled branches; and the British tiger and hyæna harboured in their thickets. Cuvier framed an argument for the fixity of species on the fact that the birds and beasts embalmed in the catacombs were identical in every respect with the animals of the same kinds that live now. But what, it has been asked, was a brief period of three thousand years, compared with the geologic ages? or how could any such argument be founded on a basis so little extended? It is, however, to no such narrow basis we can refer in the case of these woods. All human history is comprised in the nearer corner of the immense period which they measure out; and yet, from their first appearance in creation till now, they have not altered a single fibre. And such, on this point, is the invariable testimony of Palæontologic science—testimony so invariable that no great Palæontologist was ever yet an asserter of the development hypothesis. With the existing trees of our indigenous wood it is probable that even in these early times a considerable portion of the herbs of our recent flora would have been associated, though their remains, less fitted for preservation, have failed to leave distinct trace behind them. We at least know generally that with each succeeding period there appeared a more extensively useful and various vegetation that that which had gone before. I have already referred to the sombre, unproductive character of the earliest terrestrial flora with which we are acquainted. It was a flora unfitted, apparently, for the support of either gramivorous bird or herbivorous quadruped. The singularly profuse vegetation of the Coal Measures was, with all its wild luxuriance, of a similar cast. So far as appears, neither flock nor herd could have lived on its greenest and richest plains; nor does even the flora of the Oolite seem to have been in the least suited for the purposes of the shepherd or herdsman. Not until we enter on the Tertiary periods do we find floras amid which man might have profitably laboured as a dresser of gardens, a tiller of fields, or a keeper of flocks and herds. Nay, there are whole orders and families of plants of the very first importance to man which do not appear until late in even the Tertiary ages. Some degree of doubt must always attach to merely negative evidence; but Aggassiz, a geologist whose statements must be received with respect by every student of the science, finds reason to conclude that the order of the Rosaceæ—an order more important to the gardener than almost any other, and to which the apple, the pear, the quince, the cherry, the plum, the peach, the apricot, the nectarine, the almond, the raspberry, the strawberry, and the various brambleberries belong, together with all the roses and the potentillas—was introduced only a short time previous to the appearance of man. And the true grasses—a still more important order, which, as the corn bearing plants of the agriculturist, feed at the present time at least two-thirds of the human species, and in their humbler varieties form the staple food of the *grazing* animals—scarce appear in the fossil state at all. They are peculiarly plants of the human period.

Let me instance one other family of which the fossil botanist has not yet succeeded in finding any trace in even the Tertiary deposits, and which appears to have been especially created for the gratification of human sense. Unlike the Rosaceæ, it exhibits no rich blow of colour, or tempting show of luscious fruit: it does not appeal very directly to either the sense of taste or sight; but it is richly odoriferous; and, though deemed somewhat out of place in the garden for the last century and more, it enters largely into the composition of some of our most fashionable perfumes. I refer to the *Labiate* family—a family to which the lavenders, the mints, the thymes, and the hyssops belong, with basil, rosemary, and marjorum—all plants of "gray renown," as Shenstone happily remarks in his description of the herbal of his "School-mistress."

> "Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak,
> That in her garden sipped the silvery dew,
> Where no vain flower disclosed a gaudy streak,
> But herbs for use and physic not a few,
> Of gray renown within those borders grew.
> The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
> And fragrant balm, and sage of sober hue.
> * * * * * * * *
> "And marjorum sweet in shepherd's posie found,
> And lavender whose spikes of azure bloom
> Shall be erewhile in arid bundles bound,
> To lurk amid her labours of the loom,
> And crown her kerchiefs clean with meikle rare perfume.
> "And here trim rosemary, that whilom crowned
> The dainliest garden of the proudest peer,
> Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
> A sacred shelter for its branches here,
> Where, edged with gold, its glittering skirts appear,
> With horehound gray, and mint of softer green."

All the plants here enumerated belong to the labiate family; which, though unfashionable even in Shenstone's days, have still their products favourably received in the very best society. The rosemary, whose banishment from the gardens of the great he specially records, enters largely into the composition of eau de Cologne. Of the lavenders, one species (*Lavendula vera*) yields the well-known lavender oil, and another (*L. latifolia*) the spike oil. The peppermint (*Mentha viridis*) furnishes the essence so popular under that name among our confectioners; and one of the most valued perfumes of the East (next to the famous *Attar*, a product of the Rosaceæ) is the oil of the *Patchouly* plant, another of the labiates. Let me indulge, ere quitting this part of the subject, in a single remark. There have been classes of religionists, not wholly absent from our own country, and known on the Continent, who have deemed it a merit to deny themselves every pleasure of sense, however innocent and delicate. The excellent but mistaken Pascal refused to look upon a lovely landscape; and the Port Royalist nuns remarked, somewhat simply for their side of the argument, that they seemed as if warring with Providence, seeing that the favours which he was abundantly showering upon them, they, in the stern law of their lives, were continually rejecting. But it is better, surely, to be on the side of Providence against Pascal and the nuns than on the side of Pascal and the nuns against Providence. The great Creator, who has provided so wisely and abundantly for all his creatures, knows what is best for us infinitely better than we do ourselves; and there is neither sense nor merit, surely, in churlishly refusing to partake of that ample entertainment, sprinkled with delicate perfumes, garnished with roses, and crowned with the most delicious fruit, which we now know was not only specially prepared for us, but also got ready, as nearly as we can judge, for the appointed hour of our appearance at the feast. This we also know, that when the Divine Man came into the world—unlike the Port Royalist, he did not refuse the temperate use of any of these luxuries, not even of that "ointment of spikenard, very precious" (a product of the labiate family), with which Mary anointed his feet.—*Testimony of the Rocks.*

OLD FASHIONED LOVE LETTERS.

Letters between the first Governor of Massachusetts and his wife, about the year 1625:

My most sweet Husband—How dearly welcome thy kind letter was to me, I am not able to express. The sweetness of it did much refresh me. What can be more pleasing to a wife than to hear of her best beloved, and how he is pleased with her poor endeavours! I blush to hear myself commended, knowing my own wants. But it is your love that conceives the best, and makes all things seem better than they are. I wish that I might always please thee and that those comforts which we have in each other may be daily increased, as far as they may be pleasing to God. I will use the speech to thee that Abigail did to David: "I will be a servant to wash the feet of my Lord." I will do any service wherein I may please my good husband. I confess I cannot do enough for thee; but thou art pleased to accept the will for the deed and rest contented.

I have many reasons to make me love thee, wherefore I will name two; first, because thou lovest me; and secondly, because thou lovest God. If these two were wanting, all the rest would be eclipsed. But I must leave this discourse and go about my household affairs. I am a bad housewife to be so long from them; but I must needs borrow a little time to talk with thee, my sweetheart. I hope thy business draws to an end. It will be two or three weeks before I see thee, though they be long ones. God bring us together in his good time, for which I shall pray. Farewell, my good husband; the Lord keep thee.

Your obedient wife. Margarett Winthrop.

My Good Wife—Although I wrote to thee last week, yet, having so fit an opportunity, I must write to thee again: for I do esteem one little sweet letter of thine (such as the last was) to be worthy of two or three from me.

I began this letter yesterday at two o'clock, thinking to have been at large, but was so taken up with company and business as I could get but hither by this morning. It grieves me that I have not liberty to make better expressions of my love to thee, who art more dear to me than all earthly things; but I will endeavour that my prayers may supply the defect of my pen, which will be of use to us both, inasmuch as the favour and blessing of God is better than all things besides.

I know thou lookest for troubles here, and when one affliction is over to meet with another; but remember our Saviour tells us, "Be of good comfort: I have overcome the world." Therefore, my good wife, rise up thy heart, and be not dismayed at the crosses thou meetest with in family affairs, or otherwise; but still fly to Him who will take up thy burden for thee. Go thou on cheerfully, in obedience to His holy will, in the course he has set thee. Peace shall come. I commend thee and all thine to the gracious protection and blessing of the Lord.

Thy faithful husband,
John Winthrop.

Most Loving and Good Husband—I have received your letters; the true tokens of your love and care of my good, now in your absence, as well as when you are present, make me think that saying false, "out of sight, out of mind." I am sure my heart and thoughts are always near you, to "do you good and not evil, all the days of my life." I rejoice in the expectation of our happy meeting; for the absence has been very long in my conceit, and thy repressence much desired. Thy welcome is always ready; make haste to entertain it.

And so I bid my good husband farewell, and commit him to the Lord. Your loving and obedient wife,
Margarett Winthrop.

The True Source of Reform.—The great element of reform is not born of human wisdom; it does not draw its life from human organizations. I find it only in Christianity. "Thy kingdom come"! There is a sublime and pregnant burden in this prayer. It is the aspiration of every soul that goes forth in the spirit of reform. For what is the significance of this prayer? It is a petition that all holy influences would penetrate and subdue and dwell in the heart of man, until he shall think, and speak, and do good, from the very necessity of his being. So would the institutions of error and wrong crumble and pass away. So would sin die out from the earth; and, the human soul living in harmony with the Divine Will, this earth would become like heaven. It is too late for the reformers to sneer at Christianity—it is foolishness for them to reject it. In it are enshrined our faith in human progress—our confidence in reform. It is indissolubly connected with all that is hopeful, spiritual, capable, in man. That men have misunderstood it, and perverted it, is true. But it is also true that the noblest efforts for human melioration have come out of it—have been based upon it. Is it not so? Come, ye remembered ones, who sleep the sleep of the just—who took your conduct from the line of Christian philosophy—come from your tombs, and answer!

Come, Howard, from the gloom of the prison and the taint of the lazar-house, and show us what Philanthropy can do when imbued with the spirit of Jesus. Come, Eliot, from the thick forest where the red man listens to the Word of Life; come, Penn, from thy sweet counsel and weaponless victory—and show us what Christian Zeal and Christian Love can accomplish with the rudest barbarians or the fiercest hearts. Come, Raikes, from thy labours with the ignorant and poor and show us with what an eye this Faith regards the lowest and least of our race; and how diligently it labours, not for the body, not for the rank, but for the plastic soul that is to course the ages of immortality. And ye, who are a great number—ye nameless ones—who have done good in your narrow spheres, content to forego renown on earth, and seeking your reward on the record on High—come and tell us how kindly a spirit, how lofty a purpose, or how strong a courage, the religion ye professed can breathe into the poor, the humble, and the weak. Go forth, then, Spirit of Christianity, to thy great work of Reform! The Past bears witness to thee in the blood of thy martyrs, and the ashes of thy saints and heroes; the Present is hopeful because of thee; the Future shall acknowledge by omnipotence.—*Rev. E. H. Chapin.*

A Thrifty Walking-Stick.—When the old Laird of Dumbiedikes gave to his son the memorable injunction, "Jock, when ye hae nae thing else to do, ye may be aye sticking in a tree; it will be growing Jock, when yo're sleeping," his advice had a deep significance, which few are wise enough to profit by. The sound philosophy of the precept was vividly brought to our mind, a day or two since, by the sight of a *big apple*, the history of which is fit "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Some four or five years ago, a lad, passing an orchard when the proprietor was thinning out and trimming his trees, picked up a very slender sapling, which had been thrown away to serve as a temporary walking-stick. Having used it for this purpose, he carelessly stuck it in the ground when he returned home, and left it, thinking no more of the circumstance. There it remained undisturbed until it took root, and there it is still, being now a flourishing tree, in bearing condition, producing Astrachan apples, a noble specimen of which, of this season's growth, brought to us by the young man, has suggested this article. Is not this occurrence a striking illustration of the wisdom of the suggestion of the old Scotch Laird?—*Salem Register.*

Gleanings from Foreign Publications.

An Intelligent Family.—"What family have you?" asked the Judge of the County Court at Stockton, the other day, of a debtor against whom he was about to pronounce judgment. "Myself, wife, *and a bull-pup*," was the reply.—*Durham (Eng.) Advertiser.*

—The Swallows.—The Prince of Wales came into Brooke's one day, and complained of cold, but after drinking three or four glasses of brandy and water, said he felt comfortable.

> The Prince came in and said 'twas cold,
> Then put to his head the rummer,
> Till *swallow after swallow* came,
> When he pronounced it summer.

—*R. Brinsley Sheridan.*

—Mr. Gough at Exeter Hall.—On Tuesday evening, Mr. J. B. Gough, the well-known American advocate of Temperance, delivered an oration at Exeter Hall in support of the movement. This oration was the second which Mr. Gough has delivered since his return from America to this country, where he formerly created great interest. The building was densely crowded, and the reception given to Mr. Gough and his lecture most enthusiastic.

—Doubling Down a Page, and Turning Over a New Leaf.—It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "O! nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page." "I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

—Dumas the Younger.—The wit of young Dumas, by the way, is quite the *fureur* in Paris. His last "good thing" is as follows: At a party, recently, the lady of the house insisted on his entertaining the company by telling a story. "Madame," said he, "every one to his profession. The gentleman who preceded me as I came in is an officer of artillery. When he has fired a cannon in your drawing-room, I will then tell my story."

—Fashionable Christians.—Often as the motley reflexes of my experience move in long procession of manifold groups before me, the distinguished and world-honoured company of Christian mammonists appear to the eye of my imagination as a drove of camels heavily laden, yet all at full speed, and each in the confident expectation of passing through the eye of the needle without stop or halt, both beasts and baggage.—*Coleridge.*

—Landseer.—The London *Athenæum* says: "We hear with pain of the continued malady of Sir Edwin Landseer. He is now at Brighton, suffering under an aggravation of an attack which first appeared ten years ago. There seems to be little hope, among his sanguine friends, of his ever producing any more of those pictures which the public periodically look for, which command the best places in print-shop windows, and which, it is not too much to say, command a world-wide fame."

—Fagots for Heretics.—The Aldgate Church, in London, has a fund, bequeathed to it in the dark days of persecution. Its specific purpose was to purchase fagots, not to warm the cold, or prepare food for the hungry poor, but to burn heretics. Some centuries are now past, and the supply so far exceeded the demand that there is no more room for storing away the abundant fagots. The trustees of the fund, it is said, now give away the proceeds, to keep alive the poor, and comfort and save the very class that a different age had consigned to the stake.

—Mode of Placing Books in Ancient Libraries.—It may not be known to those who are not accustomed to meet with old books in their original bindings, or of seeing public libraries of antiquity, that the volumes were formerly placed on the shelves with the *leaves*, not the *back*, in front; and that the two sides of the binding were joined together with neat silk or other strings, and in some instances, where the books were of greater value and curiosity than common, even fastened with gold or silver chains.—*Philip Bliss.*

—Religious Affairs in Naples.—The King of Naples has made new and important concessions to the Roman Court. The authorization of the secular government for entering a monastic order will be no longer required, and bequests for religious purposes will be free from all restrictions. The latter decree is especially welcomed by the clergy. The moral and religious superintendence over the galley-slaves has been given over to the Order of Jesuits, who enjoy again the confidence of the King, although the periodical published by them in Rome is still forbidden in Naples.

—Knowing What One's About.—"Half the evil in this world," says Ruskin, in his "Stones of Venice," "comes from people not knowing what they do like—not deliberately setting themselves to find out what they really enjoy. All people enjoy giving away money, for instance; they don't know that—they rather think they like keeping it; and they do keep it under this false impression, often to their great discomfort. Everybody likes to do good; but one in a hundred finds this out. Multitudes think they like to do evil, yet no man ever really enjoyed doing evil since God made the world."

—Hindoo Musicians.—One had a large instrument shaped like a harp, but placed across his knees. It had a great number of strings. The sound was not unpleasant, and the performance was admirable. Another had a kind of violin, by no means agreeable to listen to. Then a third br